# The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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### ANSWERED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLA WHEELER.

The wind went merrily by one day,
The wind from over the sea,
And I questioned wildly:—"Oh, tell me, pray,
Have you seen my darling—she
Whose eyes are as bright as the diamond's light,
Whose lips are like rare old wine,
Whose dusky face hath a matchless grace,
And whose true, true heart is mine?"

The wind laughed wildly: "I saw the maid—
She stood by the foam-capped tide,
And her beautiful tresses danced and strayed
Over the broad breast at her side;
And her eyes glowed bright with a deep love light
As kisses fell warm and sweet;
And she said, 'To you shall my love prove true
As long as this heart doth beat.'"

"Now wind, I thank thee," I made reply,
"For what thou hast told to me.
Her heart was fickle, her love a lie;
She is false as false can be.
I know of a heart that is free from art,
Of a brow like the driven snow,
Of a shy sweet maid in a sylvan glade,
And she loves me well I know."

"I will shed no tears for the fickle one,
I will spend no time in grief;
As a song that is sung, as a tale that's done,
Is a love so poor and brief."
And I walk no more by the sanded shore,
And gaze out over the sea,
But I sit in the cot where the maid I sought
Gave her true, true heart to me.

"SHOOTING THE FALLS" IN BRITISH GUIANA.

Among the perils of travelling in British Guiana is "shooting the falls." The traveller represented above and his Indian companions are embarked in a frail canoe, which has just passed the head of the falls, and is being carried down them at a fearful rate. The striking of a hidden rock or snag, or a deviation of the canoe from a right direction, would inevitably overturn it, and cast them helpless into the rushing stream. The Indians watch with steady eye and ready hand their perilous descent, while the traveller steadies himself by holding fast to the fastenings of his tent. It is evidently one of those adventures which is pleasanter to describe afterwards than to experience—though the Indians probably get used to it.

## ONLY A FACE.

Only the face of a woman;
Only a face—nothing more!
But the memory of the sweet vision
Comes back to my heart o'er and o'er.

Only a woman's soft eyes;
Only a look—that was all:
A glance that I chanced to encounter,
That still binds my whole being in thrall.

I was sauntering slowly homewards one night, about half-past eleven, after having attended at the Adelphi Theatre, in common with my brethren of the Press, the first representation of a drama by a very popular author.

Cigar in mouth, and in deep cogitation as to the sort of a critique the new piece deserved in the columns of the next day's Daily Tattler, I was startled by a hand being laid gently on my arm—just touching me ever so lightly, and no more. My eyes rested on the hand—gloveless, but resembling a fairy snowflake—then my gaze wandered farther on towards its owner's face, and there it remained for a moment or so, spellbound. Big soft eyes, with their iris as deeply violet as the petals of a heartsease, and with their lids fringed with long curling lashes, looked deprecatingly into mine. Bright chestnut hair waved freely off a low white brow, surmounting a little Greek nose and a rosebud mouth, slightly open, showing a row of glistening teeth.

Only a face, nothing more; but the face of a woman angel! Who could she be? I wondered to myself, this Titania, this embodiment of a poet's dream, this delicate apparition, this lonely waif—wandering in the evil London streets?

"O, sir, where is Charing-cross station? I have lost my way and it is very late!"

"Charing-cross! Why, you must have passed it, I fancy."

"Passed it? But I was so frightened!" and she shot a furtive, nervous glance over her shoulder.

Noting the suggestive movement, I too turned round, and saw that the poor child had apparently fallen into the camp of the Philistines.

Close behind us, eyeing the girl, stood a short thickset man, dark-browed, and with the prominent features that appertain to the tribe of Israel.

Evidently nothing but a "roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," a vulture in pursuit of a dove.

My resolution was taken at once. Looking at my watch, I said,

"Where do you wish to go?"

"To Spa-road."

"Come along, then; we have just time enough, I think, to catch the last train."

And leaving the discomfited "Moses," I walked quickly off with an angel—but an angel in a stuff dress and an unpretending straw bonnet—trudging along by my side. In a few minutes we were seated in a first-class carriage—its solitary occupants.

The respectability of my exterior had undoubtedly had its proper effect, for the rosy lips no longer trembled, and a reassured look reigned in the pretty violet eyes.

"How come you to be out so late all alone?" I asked her gently, curbing as well as I was able any undue curiosity that was lurking in my breast, and throwing as much deference into my manner as though I was addressing the Grande Duchesse herself. I could see that it never even entered her brain to question any legitimate right of mine in putting the query.

Lavater himself must have been a terrible impostor indeed, if guile could have existed with that candid brow, that countenance open as the day.

"My father has been very ill, and he was worse to-day," she replied at once, and the repressed quiver of the childlike mouth, and the pained expression that flitted across her face, carried with them the conviction of her truth; "and I went to call on a doctor in Brook street that we were told was the very best one we could consult; but I found he had gone out—to a "grand party," the servants said—and after waiting three hours, I had to come away, without seeing him.

Some swell medico, I surmised: probably a fashionable "physician to the Queen," at whose palatial residence a countess in ermine and velvet would be received by cringing, powdered lacqueys bowing obsequiously to rank and fine plumage, whilst a gentlewoman, but a gentlewoman habited in a russet gown, an unprotected girl seeking relief for a dying parent, was made to sit long hours in a comfortless hall, surrounded by rude hirelings.

O most supreme justice! I ejaculated inwardly. How true it is that in this, to coin a word, "sycophantish" world, only

"From high life high characters are drawn!"

"What is your father's ailment? Perhaps *I* may know of some skilful physician," I said; and then curiosity got the better of discretion, and with the wiliness of the tempter of Eve, I added, "What name shall I ask for, if I succeed in finding one to accompany me to your house?"

"O, how good you are!" she cried gratefully. "Lister is the name. My father is an artist—an excellent artist;" and her face brightened up into perfect radiance as she dilated on his genius. "Many of his paintings have been in the Exhibition; but since he fell ill he has not been able to devote himself to his art at all, and we have no money; that is—" she interrupted herself hastily, whilst a deep flush swept over her cheek—"we are not quiet so well off as we were, and we do not know many people; for my mother's time is so much taken up with attending on my poor father, that she is unable to go out and see friends."

O, how my heart bled for the child, as all unconsciously and artlessly she revealed in her innocent words the terrible poverty and anxiety that filled her home life!

By this time we had reached our destination, a small but clean-looking house in Spa-road. A face looked hurriedly out of a window as we rang the bell, and a woman's voice exclaimed,

"It *is* Nellie at last, thank God!"

I clasped her hand for a moment as I said good-bye, and slipped into it my card with "Mr. Mark Fleming, 4 Arundel street, Strand," neatly engraved upon it; and then I had to charter a vehicle, for there were no more trains that night, to take me home and to bed, where I might dream of "only a face."

Three days slowly lagged on their course, crawling snail-like enough, as I vainly attempted to devote my attention to my usual avocations. During the whole of the time I was perpetually haunted by that face—Nellie's face; for already, after the fashion of lovers, I had begun to call her Nellie to myself.

It did not in the least signify what subject I wrote on, or what interesting matter I studied, a vision stood ever beside me with violet eyes looking pleadingly out of their great depths into mine. So extraordinary a change had feverish fancy wrought in my usually prosaic and somewhat matter-of-fact temperament, that my imagination became affected; and in moments of "temporary insanity," to use an exaggerated term, I caught myself actually listening, with a painful tension of the nerves of my organ of hearing, for a flutter of starry wings which might bear away my angel from me.

I tried to argue sapiently with myself.

"Mark Flemming," I said, "can it be possible that any amount of sense you flatter yourself you possess, has been dispersed to the four winds at your mature age of thirty-five by only a face? Nothing more! The face, too, of a girl over whose bright head not more than half your years have rolled! What good this insane infatuation, this following of a will-o'-the-wisp? Marriage, that usual ultimatum and desideratum of feelings such as you are indulging in, would be simply a ridiculous mistake. May and December wedded together make but a sorry pair. Shake yourself up, Mark, and don't be such an egregious fool! Descend from the regions of shadowy visions, return to earnest healthy life, and forget—what? "Only a face," after all."

Not so easy; the spirit was willing, amendable to the mandates of reason; but the flesh was horribly, terribly weak. Like the anecdote of the old woman and the gin-palace, for three days I had manfully resisted putting myself in the way of temptation; on the fourth, I was forced to treat resolution.

I remembered the address of an old chum of mine, whom I knew to be on the top of the ladder in his profession; and at half-past three we were steaming away together towards Elysium, *alias* Spa-road.

Spa-road, my oasis in the desert, the nest that contained my bird of Paradise, the tiny speck on earth in which bloomed the loveliest flower, an "exotic of celestial birth that should have only blossomed in celestial air." Already I but knew

"Two separate worlds: the one, that small
Beloved and consecrated spot
Where 'Nellie' was; the other, all
The dull wide waste where she was not."

Many a sensational romance it had been my province to criticise and cut up, but none of them had ever approached one-millionth portion of a hairbreadth to the romance my own brain had woven in absurdity and want of common sense; for although not a fop by any manner of means, the imperious demands of civilization had entailed on me, in common with others of my sex, the necessity of looking occasionally into a mirror; and I was fully aware that though I was not a dwarf, or humpbacked, or marked with the smallpox, or even outrageously unpleasant to the human eye, that Dame nature had not been especially prolific in her gifts as to my personal appearance; that, in fact, I was a long way off from being an Adonis.

Thirty-five, and not handsome; what right had I, then, to think of Nellie even, unless in a purely paternal fashion? And just as I had arrived at this cheerful conclusion, my friend, the doctor, and I found ourselves on the top of the stairs of Nellie's house.

Reclining on a sofa that was drawn close up beside the window, with the summer light falling upon each feature, was Mr. Lister. Death was imprinted on his thin face. Consumption in its deadliest form had singled him for its victim. One glance revealed that the case was utterly hopeless—that a few more months at farthest would find him calmly sleeping the long, long sleep from which there is no awakening. His eyes were closed, and his hand lay clasped in his wife's, who sat close beside him: a fragile, careworn woman, with the remains of a loveliness that in youth must have surpassed the beauty that her daughter now possessed.

The angel herself, in the neatest of cotton dresses, stood awaiting our entrance in the shy and graceful attitude of a gazelle. I sat there for half an hour, lifted out of earth into heaven, receiving in a beatific dream the thanks of the parents for my kindness. I mechanically put on my hat and gloves, and went through the ceremony of saying good-bye; but still in a dream, with my eyes seeing nothing but a "face," with Nellie herself filling the whole of my poor foolish old heart. It was all up with me. I was madly in love!

Only a woman's low voice,
Breathing words all lightly and vain;
But the musical sound of those tones
Still rings through my soul and brain.

Only a woman's bright smile
On a pair of red lips as I passed;
But the vision will never desert me
So long as my life shall last.

What was the good of struggling with myself? My love for Nellie was absurd, but gigantic; hopeless, yet a painful joy to myself. The once or twice a-week that I went to Spa-road were white days in the calendar of my life. I was no longer bluff in speech, honest in purpose. Love had enticed me into a state of deceitfulness of which I was thoroughly ashamed; and many an hour was passed in finding pretexts or concocting purely imaginary reasons for calling on the Listers. The only salve I had to my reproachful conscience was the sight of the invalid father's genuine enjoyment of the hothouse grapes and other comestibles that I invariably carried with me to insure my presence being acceptable; for, in spite of the earnest cordiality with which I was ever welcomed, passion's timidity dispersed all the little self-reliance I had, and made me doubly distrustful of my own captivations. One afternoon, on entering the little sitting-room, I was surprised to find a visitor whom I had never met before—a tall young man, whose proportions were more strapping than elegant in my eyes; but the dawn of jealousy probably made me survey him through a sort of yellow fog.

"Mr. Fleming, Mr. Urling," in Mrs. Lister's gentle tones, and my rival—for an instinctive feeling told me he was Nellie's lover—were formally introduced to each other; and then I sat myself down with an "all-overishness" about me to analyse his *defects*. I did not like the young giant's looks: there was a decided boldness about his countenance which was positively repulsive to me. Physically he was a fine animal, but with no thoroughbred points about him. There was a repellent familiarity in his address too that irritated me, and made me pugnaciously inclined towards the cane with a showy knob which he aggravatingly "twiddled" round and round in his broad red hand. I was either *de trop*, or else I had the misfortune to be a wet blanket; for conversation lagged terribly—and after a few minutes the gentleman made his adieux, accompanied to the door by my hostess.

I remained sole monarch of all I surveyed for a while, hoping that Nellie would put in an appearance; but not a bit of it—"hope" had only "told a flattering tale," and when the door re-opened it was to admit Mrs. Lister.

"Nellie is out, Mr. Fleming; very provoking, for she knew Mr. Urling might call, as it's Saturday, and the city offices close early. What do you think of him? And the good lady folded her hands quietly in her lap, and looked me full in the face, as she placidly asked the question. And there I was, conscious that I was, at five-and-thirty years of age, blushing like a great awkward schoolboy, who was being catechised before a roomful of people. So Nellie *had* something in common with this handsome Goliath, or else her presence or absence on that particular afternoon would scarcely have been a subject of pleasure or regret to her mother. I felt that I hated the fellow with a fierce heathenish hatred. But I had to repress the feelings that kept bubbling up worse than any eruption of a volcanic mountain, and to say calmly,

"I think he is a very fine young man, ma'am."

"Yes," she answered mildly, and a little disconnectedly, "a *very* fine young man—so good-looking, and in love with Nellie for two years. He is a son of Urling and Co.—at least of Urling himself—the great jewelers in Oxford street, you know; retired, of course. And a large fortune; kept their own carriage in a nice place at Staines. Alfred is the eldest, and is in an 'oil' business, likely to become a partner in a few years. But Nellie, though *I am* her mother, and shouldn't say it, is a *very* good girl, but so strong-headed."

Strong-headed! what on earth did that mean? Had Nellie determined *for or against* the match with the oily young man?

"If Miss Lister likes him, and he is eligible, why doesn't she marry him?"

"That's it—*if* she likes him; but she doesn't seem to know more than the babe unborn her own feelings. You see, Mr. Fleming, my husband's health is not very good, and I am not strong. It would be a comfort to us both to know Nellie had a good kind husband, who would take care of her if we were taken away. She has a great respect and liking for you."

Oh, how I winced at those words! They made me feel so much as if I was her godfather.

"And if *you* would advise her to marry Mr. Urling, she might think seriously over it. Now, stay and have a cup of tea; and when she comes in, I'll leave you to do your best."

"Not to-day, Mrs. Lister; I have an unavoidable engagement, which *can't* be put off. I will call again soon," I managed to stammer out, as I shuffled rather than walked out of the room.

What a tumult raged in my breast as I wended my way back to town! *I*, who worshipped the very earth that my darling trod on—*I*, to whom she was everything in the wide wide world—was to use my influence to drive her entirely out of *my* life into another's arms! I could have yelled aloud at the preposterous notion of such a self-mortifica. True, I dared not dream that she could ever be mine; but why, in the name of all the Don Quixotes, should I, against my own interest, coerce her, and coax her to become another man's wife?

The very thought of such an event roused up a thousand demons hammering and knocking within my soul, and plunged me into unutterable misery. But "after dark the light will come," as Boucicault tells us; and the recollection that if "persuasion" was necessary to bring on the match, it was positive that there was no love in her heart for the suitor, pulled me up again from the slough of despond.

After a fortnight I went again to the house. I was ushered into an empty room; but presently Nellie came in. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were heavy, and her lids swollen from recently-shed tears. After shaking hands with me, instead of our customary chat, she turned away, a little brusquely, I fancied, and stood gazing out of the window. Now Spa-road, though a charming spot in my enamored fancy, had certainly no particular attractions in the way of scenery or fashions; so that I could only surmise that she wanted to avoid our inevitable *tete-a-tete*.

My wounded feelings prompted me to a malicious course of conversation; of which, however, I was soon made to be ashamed, coming off a crestfallen wretch, instead of a victor with flying colors.

"Miss Lister, I said, going up to her, and putting on a highly jocular tone, and mustering up an extremely facetious expression on my physiognomy, whilst my heart was thumping and bumping up and down beneath my waistcoat with leviathan force, "your mother asked me to use my persuasive powers to induce you to reward Mr. Urling's attachment with your hand." And I took the little white palm in mine with a Grandisonian grace that *ought* to have been completely overpowering; but it evidently missed its mark, for she snatched it away from me with a strange vehemence in her manner, and with an angry flashing light in

her violet orbs that gave quite a new phase to her beauty. As an angel she was perfect; but the glimpse of passion that sparkled momentarily in her eon rendered her, if possible, doubly dangerous to my poor peace of mind.

"So you advise me to marry Mr. Urling, whom I not only dislike, but have a contempt for! *You* think it no sin, then, to go to the altar with a lie upon your lips, and to promise to cling to a man whom you would prefer never to look upon at all! I thought better of you, Mr. Fleming—better of your judgment, better of your heart; for I *did* fancy that you had some little feeling for me, a little friendship at any rate." And she burst out crying.

What *was* to become of me? A dozen tongues seemed struggling within me for speech; a million tongues could never have uttered all my love, all my adoration for her. But something kept me silent. Afterwards I knew what that "something" was—the horrible fear of *certainty*, if that certainty was antagonistic to my happiness. And so I stood stock-still, appearing probably in her eyes as interesting as a block of ice or a senseless log of wood.

Regaining her composure by an effort, she resumed: "Well, Mr. Fleming, I cannot blame you for doing what mamma asked you; I *will* try and like Mr. Urling; and perhaps I shall succeed—who knows?" she said with a bitter little smile upon her lip. "And the next time you call you may have to congratulate me. But I must go now, and will send mamma to thank you better than I can do. Good-bye, Mr. Fleming." And just touching the tips of my cold fingers, she glided out of the room.

I followed her down the stairs, then noiselessly let myself out of the house.

* * * * * * * *

For some weeks I persisted in my diurnal work; but my brain kept throbbing, and there was a strange singing in my ears; and lassitude crept over me, and appetite went away.

Then one morning, as I sat listlessly in my arm-chair, my buxom landlady came in dropping her curtsey, and desiring her matutinal chat.

"Lord, sir!"—she had been staring hard at my visage for a few minutes with more curiosity than politeness—"why, I *do* believe as how you are going to be very ill! I never saw anybody look so unearthly-like in all my born days. And you never eat anything now, Mr. Fleming; not if I do your bacon myself, and send it up nice and brown to a turn; no, here it is, sir, and untouched!" she exclaimed in a plaintive tone, whose pathos, little inclined as I was for mirth, tickled my risible faculties.

"Never mind about my appetite, Mrs. Robson; I am all right enough. I want you to put these flowers and fruit into a basket, and despatch them at once to Mrs. Lister, Maryville Cottage, Spa-road."

"Of course I will, sir, directly. And now do go and lie down quietly; you look as white as your own ghost, and are no more fit to be worriting over those newspaper articles than the shoeblack at the corner."

I took the good woman's advice and went to bed, feeling that it was useless to attempt work. My head was aching as if the "Anvil Chorus" of the *Trovatore* was being performed upon it, and my limbs felt as though I had been stretched upon the rack in the chamber of Inquisition for ninety-nine days.

That night I became insensible; for several long days, they told me afterwards; and then I began to toss about in delirium, raving madly and incessantly.

It was one evening (shall I ever forget it?) about seven o'clock. The summer had not yet gone by, and the last lingering beams of the sun fell through my window upon my room. The pain in my head was gone, leaving a dull numbness behind; and my strength was no greater than a little child's. The weight was still on my heart, though I could barely realise its cause, so utterly prostrate I felt.

Silence reigned around; and wearily reclosing the lids I had scarcely opened, I turned on my pillow. Then a soft cool hand was passed gently over my hot forehead, and a fragrant breath swept over me.

Who could she be? I wondered. Not a hireling surely, with so kind and light a touch. I opened my eyes wide and looked up, and saw—only a face! but hers—Nellie's! What could it all mean? Was I dead, and had my angel come to bear me to heaven?

"Are you going to be married?" I exclaimed feverishly, with the blood flaming up in my face, and my pulse galloping.

"No, Mark, no—unless it is to you!" and she put her two arms round my neck and softly kissed my cheek. And then she added shyly: "Mrs. Robson came and told us how ill you were, and that your poor weak voice was always calling Nellie! Nellie! So mamma and I came to nurse you by turns. You have said often enough in your ravings how much you love me, dear. Say it again, now that you have regained your senses, and I shall be the happiest girl on earth!"

Oh, *could* it be true? Yes, I *felt* it was, as with the little strength that was left me I drew her passionately to my breast.

* * * * *

As I am writing this manuscript, my wife is peeping over my shoulder. I look up, and see—"only a face," but the face of a woman angel!

### The Legal Tender Decision.

At a consultation of the Supreme Court, April 1st, the Judges voted 5 to 4 to reopen the Legal Tender decision, and this result was reached after a preliminary discussion among the Judges, which makes the vote really a test one on the validity of the law, not only for present contracts, but for all those prior to 1862. There were for reopening, Justices Swayne, Miller, Strong, Bradley and Davis; against it, Chief-Justice Chase, Justices Nelson, Clifford and Field. The arguments will be merely formal, and by May 1 the recent decision by Chief-Justice Chase will be reversed.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

☞ Attorney-General Hoar, of Massachusetts, several years ago, while presiding at some conference of the people of Concord (where he resides) and Acton, in reference to the famous Concord fight, made a brilliant apostrophe to that notable event in Revolutionary annals, and glowed with eloquence about the battle-field. An old Acton farmer, upon being called upon by the Judge for some remarks, gave this toast:—"The Concord fight—Concord furnished the *ground*, and Acton the *men*."

☞ An exchange says:—"The coward who would strike the mother of his children deserves to be shod with lightning and condemned to wander eternally over a desert of gunpowder."


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870.



## TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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## UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

We know not how it is, but frequently of late a grand, heroic figure has seemed to sweep before our mental vision, and we have recognized the sublime eyes and majestic presence of Daniel Webster.

We are not a Spiritualist—although we invoked in our last paper the spirit of Franklin;—and why then is our mind so full of the thought and form of the great son of New England?

Reared in the Society of Friends, have we retained so much of its belief in the ability of man to commune directly with the invisible world, as to lead us to see the forms of the departed in the mere floating mist of the mind, and hear their voices in the faint whisperings of the imaginative spirit? Or are these dim shapes and faint voices the real and genuine forms and utterances of real and genuine spiritual existences, appearing to us and holding converse with us in the only mode they possibly can?

All of which is easier asked than answered. The voice of Faith may reply, in the affirmative or in the negative; but the demonstration of Reason is silent.

We have three pictures, and only three, of Daniel Webster in our memory. The first is that which when a boy we used to pore over, in a published volume of his speeches. A handsome, yes splendid face—splendidly intellectual—and with eyes glowing with the deep fires of genius. It is the face of a man in his early prime—and we have never seen a finer, unless it be that of Hampden, in Forster's "Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England."

The second face is that which lingers dimly in our memory, as seen in the streets of Philadelphia. Webster was talked of as a candidate for the Presidency, and he rode in a barouche through our streets, bowing and smiling to a rather cold and curious than enthusiastic crowd. This Webster is a man somewhat older, but still worthy of the appellation bestowed upon him by his warm admirers, "The godlike."

The third face is that of Webster in his age. The finer lines of the face nearly gone—the skin apparently flabby—and little left of the old majesty save the ample brow and the portentous eyes.

But every thing and every being has a right to be remembered as it was at its best; and so we will shut out the other pictures, and think of Webster in his glorious prime. Webster as he appeared at Plymouth Rock, on the celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims; and Webster as he rose in the Senate of the United States—in the sight of all the Union—to make reply to Hayne.

Perhaps the most admirable portion of the first of these great addresses, certainly the most eloquent and Websterian, is the passage relative to the Slave Trade—for which infamous trade vessels were then being fitted out in a clandestine manner in certain ports of New England. Let us quote a portion of this famous passage:

"I deem it my duty, on this occasion, to suggest that the land is not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must forever revolt,—I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts inhabits no sentiments of humanity or justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to cooperate with the laws of man, and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who by stealth and at midnight labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."

Is not that a burst of sublime eloquence? Not Patrick Henry ever excelled it. Not Henry Clay ever equalled it. No recent American but Webster himself has given us its counterpart.

And here is another passage from the same oration, full of a grand and yet tender beauty. We should think no New Englander could read it and its kindred passages without emotion:—

"The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country, during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas."

As for the speech in reply to Hayne, we think it should always be read in conjunction with Hayne's speech. If it is not, the reader will be apt to wonder how men of the least intelligence could support the opposing side. But the truth is, that the Southern, or State Rights' view, as advocated by Hayne and Calhoun, is much stronger, to a man who is able to read with an impartial eye, than Northern men generally suppose.

But our business at present is not so much with the argument as with the eloquence of Webster's great speech, which with the large majority of hearers and readers, probably goes much farther than any mere strength of argument. Listen to the concluding and often quoted passage:—

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

Can any one wonder that this peroration thrilled through the very heart of the North—that boys recited it in their schools, that prosy politicians lit up their speeches with its radiance, and that it strengthened and deepened the very sentiment of love for the Union to which it had so strongly appealed? Those who had cared little for the Union became warm Unionists under the influence of this and similar invocations; while those who had been Unionists became tenfold more devoted and enthusiastic than before. These words of Webster's were something more than words—they were, as was said of some of Luther's utterances, "half-battles."

Now read this other prophetic passage:—

"Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without rolling the surface! Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these states, now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without producing the crush of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility."

Oh, would that our impetuous brethren of the South had but heeded this solemn warning. How much suffering and agony had been spared them—how much spared us. True, they were bound to lose, more or less, sooner or later. For on the opposing side was the weight of numbers and resources, and the sentiment of the civilized world. And "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." But, up to the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, they had played their game with wonderful skill and success. Owing to their claim of adherence to the compacts of the Constitution, and to the counter declaration on the part of the ultra Abolitionists, that the bond of Union was "a league with death and an agreement with hell," they had constantly kept on their side the potent Union feeling of the land. But the repeal of the Missouri Compromise created the belief in the minds of thousands, that the South was really contending not simply for its Constitutional Rights, but for Power. And when armed Secession was attempted, then the powerful Union feeling of the country swung around at once like a mighty wave, and gave its decisive support to the Abolitionists and the war.

There came a day—an evil day for Webster—when the idol of the intellectual North, and of New England, was thrown from his pedestal as Dagon in the temple of the Philistines. Some say that this, and the failure of his Presidential aspirations, broke the great heart of the sublime old man. Others say different—that he but gathered his robes around him, and in the society of his friends, and amid the calm serenity of Nature, put aside the contempt and sorrow and pity of his old admirers as the Roman Cincinnatus would have done. But Webster was not built in the Cincinnatus mould, and we cannot but believe that the old man glorious died of heart-break.

And yet, majestic shade of Webster! who can say that thou, however wrong in one sense, wert not to the last consistent? Thy whole life had been devoted to the support of the Constitution. It was thy special glory that thou hadst ever been its Champion and Bulwark. Thou hadst sworn to support and uphold that Constitution, as it was, not as it should be. If the Constitution demanded an unpleasant duty, it was but the price of innumerable blessings; and so Massachusetts was advised to "conquer her prejudices," and remain true to her plighted faith.

Webster, it must be remembered, was of the old school—the school of the elder Adams, and Franklin, and Hamilton. The distasteful obligations they had not recoiled from, he did not recoil from. But the world of young and active men had taken a step forward—was full of thoughts of liberty and justice—and cared not so much for Constitutional pledges as for what it believed to be the eternal Right.

But judge Webster by what he also was—by what a life's training, and the unbounded applause of men, had moulded him to be. Then look at his whole life—and say, if you in fairness can, that he was not, in the main, both sincere and consistent.

Sincere! Why a really great man is always sincere. Consistent! he is always consistent. It is his nature. He cannot be otherwise. And Webster died of a broken heart, because he must be true to the plain obligations of the Constitution, to Consistency, and to Himself!

But to those of our readers who will not admit this, we will say, one thing even you must admit—that to Daniel Webster, more than to any other man, you owe the deepening and strengthening of the Union feeling of the country. It is scarcely too much to say, that if Webster had never lived, and never spoken, this nation would now be a divided people. For his were the mighty arguments which had convinced the reason and conscience of the Free States that the Union was not only a blessing, but a Necessity, to be maintained, if need be, by any expenditure of treasure and of blood. He furnished thus, in a great degree, that groundwork of sentiment and passion and enthusiasm, upon which the giant of the North was no sooner thrown in the struggle, than like Antæus he sprung up, renewed with fresh life and vigor and hope. And his were the glowing and powerful invocations which rang through the air, and nerved the hearts of our heroes through all the changing fortunes of the fight, as Roland's mighty blast—though the peerless Paladin lay cold in death—still kept sounding on and on, and inspiring his fainting followers to fresh efforts, in the gloomy pass of Roncevall'es.

THE PIEGAN MASSACRE.—Col. Baker now reports that the number killed at the Piegan village was 173, of whom 120 were able-bodied men, and 53 women and children. He says:—"I believe that every effort was made by the officers and men to protect the non-combatants, and such women and children as were killed were accidentally killed."

We are very glad to hear this. We thought that the ground taken was, that it was justifiable and quite Christian to kill all Indian non-combatants, including the women and children.

☞ An English surgeon has ascertained that monkeys cannot be poisoned with strychnine. They eat it with impunity. Even monkeys thus have their points of superiority over men.

### DEATH OF GENERAL THOMAS.

Major-General George H. Thomas died in San Francisco on the 28th ult., of apoplexy. The official order of the War Department says:—

"In battle he never wavered; firm and of full faith in his cause, he knew it would prevail; and he never sought advancement of rank or honor at the expense of any one. Whatever he earned of these were his own, and no one disputed his fame. The very impersonation of honesty, integrity, and honor, he will stand to us as the best ideal of the soldier and gentleman. Though he leaves no child to bear his name, the old Army of the Cumberland, numbered by tens of thousands, called him father, and will weep for him in tears of manly grief. His wife, who cheered him with her messages of love in the darkest hours of the war, will mourn him now in sadness, chastened by the sympathy of a whole country.

"The last sad rites due him as a man and a soldier, will be paid in Troy, New York, on the arrival of his remains; and the friends of his family and all his old comrades who can be present are invited there to share in the obsequies."

General Thomas was born in Virginia, and was in the 54th year of his age. We see it stated by a Washington correspondent—we know not how truly—that a strong movement was being organized to bring him forward as a candidate for the Presidency in 1872. It is not probable that he would have sanctioned any such movement. He seems to have been a man singularly free from ambition, and from any desire to obtrude himself or his services upon the notice of others. We judge he took pride in two things—being a Major-General in the United States Army, and in doing what he considered his duty. Remarkable man!

### TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Scott Russell, the Naval Architect who built the Great Eastern, has published a volume upon the importance of a special education to fit men to succeed in the various pursuits and avocations of life.

It seems to be admitted that in many branches of manufacturing, the Germans and the French are taking precedence of the English. And Mr. Russell thinks that this is owing to the large number of practical schools in those countries. He says that in Prussia:—

"Out of 255 schools of the highest grade, next below the University, 82 are schools of this character. The other 177 are schools (Gymnasia) which represent the old classical culture, and fit their boys for the University. There is in Prussia no conflict between the old schools (Gymnasia) and the practical schools (Real Schule). Each class supplies a great want, and both are required for a harmonious and effective education. Nor is there the slightest ground for arraying the new scientific schools against the colleges of our country. On the contrary, both are indispensable for the development of our mental and material resources, for our progress in civilization, for our highest well being, as a people. Both ought therefore to be strengthened by popular sympathy and by munificent endowments."

Schools of this character are the great want of our own country. With the exception of a very few, including the Polytechnic School of this city, we have simply the old system of Colleges and Universities, designed to prepare the students for Law, Medicine and the Church. These are good in their way, but we should pay more attention to institutions designed to fit our young men for the other practical pursuits of life. We want to make our sons first-class Farmers, Mechanics, Engineers, Miners, Surveyors, Chemists, and Manufacturers of all kinds.

In Europe it may be the business of a Paternal Monarchy to do this, but in America it is the business of individuals. A pretty muddle our own State legislators would make of it. All a grateful country asks of them is, Eat your victuals, guzzle your whiskey, and do as little else as you possibly can. Emulate King Log,—for you seem to have only two *voices*, King Log and King Stork.

### THE INCOME TAX.

Secretary Boutwell coolly advances as a strong argument in favor of the present income tax, that it only affects 250,000 people out of our whole 40,000,000 of population. In other words, the oppressed class is so small in numbers that it can be maltreated with impunity. This is the very essence of all unjust class legislation—for it makes no difference in the principle, whether the class injured be a small or a large one.

The injustice of the law is shown by the simple fact that only 250,000 people in the country are willing to admit, on oath, that they have nett incomes of over one thousand dollars. The law is thus not only inquisitorial, and in many cases injurious to honest and truthful men, but it encourages and provokes perjury and falsehood to an unlimited extent.

Perhaps even 350,000 persons, if the law is continued in force, may be able to make their power felt one of these days.


☞ Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown, of this city, claim to have the largest Clothing House in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price.


☞ If a woman wishes to be a general favorite with her female acquaintances, she has only to permit them to outdress her. The more intent they are upon gewgaws and decorations, the more profound will be the respect for her that totally disregards them.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOW CROPS FEED. A Treatise on the Atmosphere and the Soil as related to the Nutrition of Agricultural Plants. With Illustrations. By SAMUEL W. JOHNSON, M. A., Professor of Analytical and Agricultural Chemistry in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Published by Orange, Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This appears to be a most useful book for the intelligent and enterprising farmer; and we have no doubt that it will be welcomed by many who appreciate the scientific aspects Agriculture is now taking.

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT, author of "Little Women." With Illustrations. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. At last this long wished-for book has come, and as we open it a picture of Tom and one of Polly greets our eyes. Ever since it was announced, several months ago, that a new story by Miss Alcott was forthcoming, many a girl, and boy too, has been on the lookout for the precious volume, waiting impatiently to form the acquaintance of some more friends as captivating as Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, and that splendid young fellow, Laurie. We have never read better books of the kind; they charm you with their truthfulness. Hoping that Miss Alcott will follow up the rich vein she has struck, we congratulate her on her well deserved success.

PUNCHINELLO. Published by the Punchinello Publishing Company, 83 Nassau St. New York. This is a new comic paper, conducted somewhat after the pattern of the "London Punch." We hope it will have better fortune than its predecessor "Vanity Fair." A good Comic paper is greatly wanted.

☞ Twelve men were frozen to death in Northwestern Iowa, during a severe storm on the 10th. Six others are missing, and supposed to have met the same fate.

☞ They have a way in Germany of paying the doctor by contract. All families that are in receipt of something like a regular income, send their physician a certain fee on New-Year's Eve, or a day or two later, as a remuneration for his attention during the previous year. The amount is determined by mutual agreement at the commencement of the engagement, and is estimated with reference to the means of the patient rather than the services he is likely to require.

☞ At San Francisco, the compositors in the newspaper offices have accepted a reduction of fifteen cents per 1000 ems in their wages.

☞ The Gypsies in the Hop Garden, at Pesth, have a curious way of looking after the honesty of their money collector. The person entrusted with the mission of taking the hat around among the crowd has a living fly put in his left hand, while he holds the hat with his right. When he returns with the funds, he must bring back the fly alive, as a sign that he has not taken any money from the common property; but if the fly be wanting, or even dead, he does not get his share of the money.

☞ The blowing of the advertisers is what makes the trade winds.

☞ A Baltimore couple, recently married, appended to the announcement of the fact in the papers: "Advertised for the benefit of a few of our inquisitive friends."

PAULINE, that would-be synonym of grace,
Possesses, did you say, an angel face?
One seraph trait alone in her I see;
Angels are painted fair, and so is she.

☞ It appears from an official document sent to the U. S. Senate, that our Navy has 11 sea-going monitors, costing $14,184,000; and 40 harbor and river monitors, including 8 Western iron-clads, costing $21,187,000. Total cost of iron-clads, $35,371,000.

☞ The cold weather which coated Western fruit trees with ice is supposed to have killed off all the insect embryos and insured a large crop.

☞ The President on the 30th issued his proclamation of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

☞ Among the bills for public expenses recently presented to the Commissioners of Humboldt, California, is one of $50 for "chickens used in swearing Chinamen." Whenever a Chinaman is sworn as a witness in court a chicken-cock must be slaughtered in his presence, and it is suggested that a state henery be established to aid the Chinamen in telling the truth.

☞ A California paper heads an article, "Remarkable coolness of a young lady." She passed another woman and never turned around to sneer at her bonnet.

☞ The look of John Wesley's hair deposited in the corner-stone of an English church is now said to have been cut from his wig.

☞ A contemporary suggests that if drivers would know, experimentally, how a horse feels when his reins are twitched, and jerked, and "yanked," they should take a good-sized board nail into their mouths, and, tying a cord to either end, should give a lively boy the ends, and let him *yank* them awhile.

☞ A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

"ALAS! we think not that we daily see,
Around our hearths, angels that are to be."
—*Leigh Hunt.*

☞ The New York Sun pertinently asks: "Why shouldn't people have more sense than to use tobacco in theatres, churches, and other public places? The world is all before them where to chew, and they might be a little more delicate in the matter."

☞ Virginia has a girl four years old who has a moustache and whiskers, whilst her whole body is covered with soft downy hair. All the woman's rights people are after the receipt. Just to think of it—to be able to grow whiskers like a man!

☞ The most elegant dress ever seen in America was worn at a late disreputable ball in New York. Twelve hundred yards of delicate white illusion, forty yards of the costliest gold cord, thirty-eight yards of salmon-colored satin, fifteen yards of white satin, and eight yards of thread lace were used in making this beautiful pattern dress. It was made by an American modiste, after designs by the wearer.

☞ The astronomers are just now turning their glasses in the direction of the sun, that luminary having lately broken out in a perfect rash of spots, some of them of enormous size. Not less than eight groups of spots are visible, and the largest single spot covers a superficial area of not less than one thousand four hundred and fifty-eight millions of square miles, or seven times the superfices of the terraqueous globe.

### How Statuary is Made.

But little is known of the art of sculpture by the masses in this, or, indeed, any country. The first thing the sculptor does is to model or fashion the figure in clay. He first builds a skeleton of iron, and then puts the clay upon it, and adds or takes off until the work is completed. He then transfers the model, or reproduces it in plaster of Paris. This is done by covering the clay with liquid plaster to the depth of about one and a half inches, more or less, according to the size of the model—a life-sized picture would require the plaster to be laid on at least three inches in depth.

The plaster is then allowed to become perfectly hard, or to set, as it is called. The clay is then taken out, and the plaster will be found to be a mould in which to cast the fac-simile of the original model. An additional quantity of plaster is then mixed with water and poured into the new-made mould; in thirty or forty minutes it will become set and hard. The mould is then taken or cut off by means of knives or chisels.

The next thing is the process of cutting the head or figure in marble. This is entirely mechanical, and is accomplished by measuring instruments, called pointed machines. They are so arranged as to give the exact distances, points, depths, widths, and lengths of every part of a head or figure; these are pointed to or measured on the marble block, and the workman cuts to a hair, according to measure, and mathematically certain. Doing a bust in marble is simply mechanical; originating in the clay model is the work of the artist.

### Give Us Air.

Bostonians—a classic race—are always finding out something that other people cannot discover. One of these acute individuals has ascertained, to his own satisfaction at least, that the bees have set us the only available pattern for ventilating our houses in the manner by which they ventilate their hives. They have no top nor bottom draught, but by an ingenious use of their wings keep a circular current of air constantly moving through their dwelling-places. This Bostonian has constructed an apparatus, that can be readily applied to any edifice, which produces precisely the same results of ventilation that the bees' wings do. We have not had an opportunity of seeing this apparatus, but we believe the arrangement is something after this fashion.

It consists of two pieces of board, sliding upon each other, which may be extended or contracted to fit any window; the window is raised and shut down on this board. In the board are two curved circular tubes, some inches in diameter, provided with dampers. If one current through a tube be outward, the room will be supplied by an ingoing current through the other tube, and through cracks and crevices; the current will generally flow inward, and the inner opening of the tube should be turned upward in winter and downward in summer—in the first case it is forced to the ceiling and gradually descends by its own gravity; in the latter case it is forced to the floor, spreads over it, and, becoming heated, rises. In the tubes is a receptacle for a sponge, which may be saturated with water, disinfectants, or perfumed liquids, according as we wish simple humidity and the retention of dust, the destruction of foul odors, or the spreading of agreeable ones.

☞ "All wars," said Franklin, "are follies. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their difficulties by *arbitration?*"

☞ An old lady in Alabama not long ago agreed to dispose of her estate to a young man, at her death, for $20,000, and the young man immediately insured her life for his benefit for that amount. She died in a short time, whereupon he collected the policy and paid for the property.

☞ A colored preacher, commenting on the passage, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves," said that the mixture should be made in the proportion of a pound of dove to an ounce of serpent.

☞ A little boy out West was asked if he knew where liars went, and answered yes—they go to New York to write for the papers.

☞ After a wedding, it was formerly a custom to drink honey, dissolved in water, for thirty days—a moon's age. Hence the origin of the honeymoon.

☞ A citizen of Washington recently refused to buy Mark Twain's book, because "the man who could weep at the tomb of Adam must be an idiot."

☞ "Died from the effects of mixed collaterals," is the way they get at *delirium tremens* in Cheyenne.

☞ For vigorous, original English, let one go West or South. A Memphis gentleman is described by a paper there by the remark that "his forehead extends to the gable end of his neck," which is interpreted to mean that "he is barefooted on the top of his head."

☞ VACCINATION.—Dr. Blanc (the Abyssinian prisoner) has introduced into England the practice of vaccination directly from the heifer, a practice that has been much pursued on the Continent, and for which the advantage is claimed that it precludes all possibility of the conveyance of any constitutional disease, over and above the cowpox, to the infant that is vaccinated.

☞ Since the story has been told of how Judge Breckenridge married a girl whom he saw jump over a rail fence with a pail on her head, all the girls in Orange county, New York, are said to spend their time in watching the road, and whenever they see a carriage approaching with a man in it, they seize their pails and go for a fence.

☞ Mr. Brown, the somewhat robust artist-sexton of Grace Church, is a gentleman who, to the stated demands of piety, superadds the charm of wit. Recently a flippant youth asked him why, with his corpulence, he did not compete for the seat of an alderman. To whom Brown made answer, in the words of the Psalmist: "I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of the ungodly!"

☞ A beggar in England carries a physician's certificate, which, when deciphered, is found to testify that the bearer is afflicted with hypocrisy and laziness.

☞ In New York, two-thirds of the pickpockets are said to be girls under 20 years of age.

☞ A new fashion is being introduced. Ladies are now having fans made in the shape of pistols and daggers. It is rather a curious sight to see the blushing, timid Miss Fawn drawing her "ivory revolver," or Miss Stern, a strong-minded young lady, toying ferociously with her dagger, which she suddenly turns into a fan.

☞ Mr. Casserly presented in Congress the resolutions of the California Legislature for an abolition of the income tax, and asked its reference to the Finance Committee. He remarked that the sentiment of his state was adverse to a longer continuance of the tax as oppressive and unjust.

☞ The chief bills passed in the New York and Pennsylvania Legislatures this session have been greenbacks.

☞ Gen. Jordan, the Cuban insurgent, is said to have abandoned the cause and left the island.

☞ To learn who really needed work, the San Francisco Park Commissioners recently offered to employ men at a price lower than the market rate, and over 1,000 men at once applied for work at the rate named—$2 per day.

☞ According to the Registrar General's return for 1869, the city of London occupies 77,997 acres, or 122 square miles, and has a population of 3,170,504. The number of houses is 406,507.

☞ A letter from Minnesota says that "notes and due-bills out here are written on parchment, to prevent them from wearing out by carrying, as that is all they are good for; they can't be collected."

☞ It is a well established fact that stars change their color. Sirius was described as a fiery red star by the ancients; some years ago it was a pure white, while it is now becoming of a decided green color. Capella was also called a red star by the ancients; it was afterwards described as a yellow star, and is now bluish. Many other instances of change of color, though less decided, have been detected.

☞ The popular discontent in Ireland seems to be increasing. The papers publish a long list of outrages which have recently been committed there. Emigration to America is increasing in consequence of these troubles and the new bill.

☞ The registration of negro voters has commenced in Maryland. The lower House of the Legislature has passed a bill for the registration of negro voters, which is expected to pass the Senate.

☞ Alex. H. Stephens says he never pronounced the first inaugurals of Jefferson and Lincoln the finest efforts of their kind.

☞ A tradesman down town objected, the other day, to receive from one of his customers a note at thirty days, on the ground that he might die before that time. "Die!" exclaimed the customer, "who ever heard of a man dying within thirty days?"

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more inquiry from the home trade. 9000 bbls sold at from $4,37½@4,50 for superfine; $4,75@4,87½ for extra; $5@5,75 for Penna extra family; $6@6,75 for Northwestern extra family; $5,25@6 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $6,50@7,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye; 400 bbls sold at $4,62½.

GRAIN—Prices are unchanged. 25,000 bus Western Penna and Southern red sold at $1,30@1,35, and 2000 bus white at $1,50@1,60 ₩ bus. Rye; 2000 bus Western and Penna sold at 90@92c. Corn; 70,000 bus yellow sold at 97c@1,03 ₩ bus. Oats; sales of 40,000 bus Penna and Western at 56@61c ₩ bus. Barley; 6000 bus four-rowed Canada sold at $1,07½.

PROVISIONS—Market dull. Sales of 500 bbls new Mess Pork at $20@20,50. Mess Beef may be quoted at $21@21 ₩ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $31@33 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 17@19c; Green Meats—Sales of 1300 tcs pickled Hams at 14½@15½c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 10@10½c. Lard—Sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 14½@15½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 16c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 25@33c. Cheese—Sales at 15@15c. Eggs sell at 26@28c ₩ doz.

COTTON—500 bales Middlings sold at 22½@23c for Uplands, and 23½@24c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $47 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—Prime Western at 78@80c ₩ ℔.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $4@5,50 for Western and New York. Sales of dried Apples at 8@12c, and Peaches at 9@9½c for quarters, 10½@11c for halves, and 17@20c for pared; 100 bbls of dried Blackberries sold at 12c. Cranberries sell at $20@24 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 ℔s, $1,85@1,40; mixed do, $1,30@1,80; Straw, $1,30@1,35.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 18@35c and Wisconsin at 15@23c ₩ ℔.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is more doing; 2000 tons of Lehigh foundry sold at $33@34 for No. 1. Bar Iron is quoted at $78@80 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—Sales of 2000 bus at $8,50@9. 300 bus Timothy sold at $6@6,25. Flaxseed sells slowly at $2,35 ₩ bushel.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 800 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ ℔. 100 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 7@9c ₩ ℔. 3000 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 13,50 ₩ 100 ℔s.

**Any person** desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THORNTON, Hoboken, N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. mar26-3m

**Tested by Time.**—For throat diseases, colds, and coughs, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. The good effects resulting from the use of the Troches have brought out many worthless imitations. Obtain only "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

**The Rice Divorce Suit** for fraud in age, is causing great excitement in Boston. It should warn young men not to marry in haste. Rice is but 28, his bride 37. He swears that she made him believe she was but his own age, by using Magnolia Balm upon her face, neck and hands. Poor youth. He probably found her elbows weren't quite so soft and pretty. Ought Hagan to be indicted? We know of many similar cases. This Balm gives a most wonderful pearly and natural complexion, to which we don't object. We like pretty women. To finish the picture, they should use Lyon's Kathairon upon the hair. With pearly chin, rosy cheeks, and soft, luxuriant tresses, they become irresistible. sp9 1m

**Oh, My! I'm Getting Gray, Hair Falling!**

Well that's a misfortune, but how easily remedied. You have only to use "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing*" to insure a luxuriant growth of hair in its natural color and youthful beauty. Gray hair is restored, dandruff cured, giving the hair that brilliancy so much admired by all; differs utterly from all others, as it is clear and richly perfumed; soils nothing. Price 75 cents a bottle; six $4; one dozen $8. If your druggist has not got it, send direct to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 830 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. sp9-cowtf

**For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan** use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. sp2-3m

☞ **Crampton's Imperial** $1
*LAUNDRY SOAP*
is *the* best.
Manufactory 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutger's Place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson Street.
☞ Office, 84 Front Street, New York. $1
sp2-6m

**Psychomancy,** Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!
*Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.*
**Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.**

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

**"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."**

Thousands of children die annually of croup. Now, mothers, if you would spend 50 cents, and always have a bottle of *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment* in the house, you never need fear losing your little one when attacked with this complaint. It is now 23 years since I have put up my Liniment, and never heard of a child dying of croup when my Liniment was used; but hundreds of cures have been reported to me, and many state if it was $10 per bottle they would not be without it. Besides which, it is a certain cure for cuts, burns, headache, toothache, sore throat, swellings, mumps, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, spasms, old sores and pains in the limbs, back, and chest. No one once tries it who is ever without it. It is warranted perfectly safe to take internally. Full directions with every bottle.

Sold by the druggists and storekeepers in the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. ap2 3t

**Occupational Ailments.**

Fresh, pure air is a vitalizing elixir. Whoever is debarred by circumstances from unrestricted access to this invisible, but powerful stimulant, needs a medicinal invigorant of some kind. The great object should be to choose the best. Popularity is a pretty good guarantee of merit in this scrutinizing and intelligent age, and tried by this criterion HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS stands first among the invigorating and regulating medicines of the present day. To the wants of persons engaged in indoor employments, especially in crowded factories where even with the best possible ventilation the atmosphere is always in some degree polluted, this salubrious vegetable tonic is peculiarly adapted. The nature of the ingredients is no mystery. It consists of an absolutely pure diffusive stimulant, tinctured—or rather surcharged—with the fluid extracts of sanatous roots and barks and herbs. The pharmacopœia has its tinctures, but what are they? The juice of only a single root or bark or plant is present in each. Not one of them combines the three properties of a tonic, an alterative, and an aperient. All these elements are blended in the Bitters; nor are these the sum of its medicinal recommendations. It is also a blood depurent and an antispasmodic.

The baleful effect which air that has been partially exhausted of its oxygen by frequent breathing produces on the vital organization, is notorious, and when to this devitalized atmosphere is superadded the mephitic vapor of hot air furnaces, it becomes deleterious and depressing in the extreme. To enable the system to bear up, even for a few hours each day against the debilitating influence of a vitiated atmosphere, a wholesome tonic and alterative is urgently required. This grand desideratum is supplied in Hostetter's Bitters, which as a strength-sustaining, health-protecting agent has no rival either among official or advertised medicines. ap2-5t

**Important Notice.**—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm or leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Castle, D. D., Mr. JOHN A. ALEXANDER, of this city, to Miss LYDIA LEWIS, daughter of John Lewis, Esq.

On the 16th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, GEORGE E. BURWELL to Miss LUCRETIA S. TREES, both of this city.

On the 24th of March, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. EDWIN OSDEN to Miss HARRIET HADFIELD, both of this city.

On the 3d of March, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. ENOCH D. PARK to Miss MARY V., daughter of Capt. David Stephenson, of this city.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM BROWN to Miss CAROLINE MINTEMAUER, both of this city.

On the 29th of March, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ISAAC H. STEEVER to Miss ELIZABETH M. MOTLOT, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of March, ALBERT L. TYSON, in his 42d year.

On the 29th of March, SARAH ANN, wife of Harvey Brown, in her 33d year.

On the 26th of March, Mrs. ANN BRANER, in her 84th year.

On the 26th of March, ROBERT N. CHARLTON, in his 73d year.

On the 17th of March, Mrs. ANN BARBER, in her 65th year.

On the 27th of March, SAMUEL BOWERS, in his 49th year.

On the 26th of March, CATHARINE, wife of John Lovett, in her 41st year.

On the 26th of March, RICHARD CLARKSON, in his 43d year.

On the 24th of March, Mrs. ELIZA JANE, wife of John Kennedy, in her 28th year.

FITS! FITS! FITS
FITS! FITS! FITS!
**Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits**
BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA Co., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenada, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF
EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS
**By Hance's Epileptic Pills.**

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE FREMZ.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 5, 1865.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Lyon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LYON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?
**The Subjoined Will Answer.**

GRENADA, MISS., June 30.
SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry County, Va.
DR. SETH S. HANCE:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully,
M. P. SLEDGE.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DURANT'S NECK, Perquimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.
S. S. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article; and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACONS.
P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 106 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. feb19-13t

# PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

**Under a Ban.**

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Out Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

**Leonie's Mystery.**

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

**Bessy Raue.**

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

**A Novelet**

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

**Who Told?**

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

**The Gems of the English Magazines.**

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.


### LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

Goldenhair climbed upon grandpapa's knee!
Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head,
"What has my darling been doing," he said,
"Since she arose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pity much," answered the sweet little one.
"I cannot tell so much things I have done.
Played with my dolly and feeded my bun.

"And then I jumped with my little jump rope,
And I made out of some water and soap,
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"I afterward readed in my picture book,
And Bella and I, we went down to look
For the smooth little stones by the side of the brook,

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,
And I climbed up on grandpapa's knee,
And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it has dropped upon grandpapa's breast,
Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That marks all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's lay.

And oh, when aweary, may we be so blest,
As to sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

## Paris As It Is.

BY GEORGE T. ANGELL.

Into this great city of Paris, with its population of about two millions, the resort of the rich of all nations, the most beautiful city of the world, I came with the impression that it was the grand centre of all that is bad; and this impression too I am daily compelled to modify. Undoubtedly in the vast numbers congregated here from all countries, there are bad and dangerous elements. Undoubtedly the French are an excitable people, and the lower classes uneducated and liable to excesses as in the old French Revolution. *Undoubtedly if all the foreigners stopping here should go home it would be a better city than it is*, and undoubtedly if they did, many bad people and things would still remain; but undoubtedly on the other hand there is no city in the world of its size better governed—none where life, health and property are more carefully protected.

As soon as the stranger arrives here, his name and description are registered, and from that time until he leaves his movements are known to the police. He cannot enter or leave a house without the knowledge of the *concierge*, who is accountable to them. He cannot take a carriage from a stand without a note made of the time of leaving and return. Paris being a walled city, nothing can enter or leave it without inspection. A telegram can shut every gate, and another send police or soldiers on the railway which encircles it within the fortifications, or underground by the numerous broad subterranean passages. It is hardly possible for a great crime to be committed here without detection, or when detected, for the criminal to escape. And this makes Paris one of the safest cities in the world. I would rather travel its principal streets a year, than the streets of a certain large American city (whose name I need not mention) one night.

And then as to questions of health: adulterations of food and the sale of unwholesome food and drinks are prohibited under severe penalties, and the police are at the cattle markets and slaughter-houses, at all the gates of the city, in the manufactories, and at the meat shops, grocers, wine stores and cafes, destroying adulterated articles, confiscating bad meats, and pouring poor milk on the ground. The sale of quack medicines is prohibited. Apothecaries cannot legally sell medicines not approved by the School of Pharmacy, nor any medicines containing poisonous ingredients, except under restrictions and with registration. No physician can practice without previous examination and the approval of the School of Medicine. All prescriptions must be written in the French language.

And so I might go on through a long catalogue of provisions for the public health which the police are constantly enforcing. Nor do I think it possible to bribe them, because *first*, they hold for life and good behavior, and the risk would be too great, and *second*, because they too are probably under the espionage of another secret police. I am informed by what I believe to be perfectly reliable authority, that the *esprit de corps* of the French police is such that no individual in its regular service was ever known to betray it.

STREETS—CARS—OMNIBUSES.

Every thing relating to the condition and regulation of the streets here is admirable—the system of cleaning, watering, lighting, and the paving, much of which is almost as smooth as a house floor. The prices of cabs and carriages are fixed by law. Every driver must give the passenger his number with a full printed statement. And so with the omnibuses: the law establishes their prices, rates of speed, and limits the number of passengers to the number of seats, the sign "complet" always appearing when the *bus* is full, and *the number of seats exact* when not full. You find in the streets here no confusion, rowdyism, swearing or boisterous noise—nothing to offend the eye or ear, and the police everywhere present, but always quiet, well dressed, gentlemanly, and never obtrusive.

COURTESY—CHARACTER.

It is almost superfluous to speak of French politeness. Sir Francis Head says in his book on Paris, that he received in France but one impolite answer, and that was from a man he found skinning a dog. I can say more, for I do not remember to have received one. And this courtesy in manners is common to all classes. The richest man entering the poorest shop touches his hat, the passenger thanks the conductor for his ticket, and the conductor the passenger for his fare. The most unfortunate of women is never sneered at, or insulted, by a Frenchman, and when her body is carried through the streets to its long home, the hat of every passer, from the Emperor down, is lifted.

Whether on the whole the character of the French Parisians averages better or worse than in other cities of the same size, I have not sufficient knowledge to say; but they seem to me, as a general thing, amiable, attached to children and friends, not vindictive. They crowd the churches on Sunday mornings, go much to the cemeteries where relatives and friends are buried, and at this season of the year you will find on almost every tomb and grave, *fresh* wreaths and mourning decorations.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

Their treatment of animals seems to me much better than ours. I have not seen, on all the omnibuses of this great city, a single horse that appeared overloaded, overworked, or unhappy. They are all plump and strong, and the pictures of animal content; and their drivers appear kind. I have never seen one strike a horse in apparent anger, and their stables are horse palaces. And so with the teams. They have brakes and supports for the shafts. I have seen but one case of overloading in Paris, and that was on a steep rise near the "Arc de Triomphe." The driver did not swear, scold, or whip. He drove them zig-zag across the street and back, and finding the load too heavy, got more horses from another team.

MORE HAPPINESS THAN IN AMERICA.

Doubtless among the lower classes there is more or less poverty, but I see very few indications of it—no nakedness or rags, and very rarely a beggar. The poorest appear cleanly, and I am told that their rooms are generally well kept. And now we come to a very important question, whether they are or not a happy people, and how in this respect they compare with us. And here I feel bound to say that my observations in Europe thus far force me to the conclusion, that while we have more energy, enterprize and inventive genius, and more of what we call and consider the comforts of life, yet we get out of them a less percentage of substantial happiness than any other people I have seen. I believe there are millions on this side of the ocean living on a few sous a day, who have more of real enjoyment than our millionaires. And the thought often occurs to me here whether we have not in our country too much of that unhealthy ambition which struggles for larger houses, richer furniture, and costlier dress and equipage; sacrificing in the struggle the true sources of happiness. From my observations here, I am led to suspect that the domestic affections grow quite as well in houses of moderate size, and I should not wonder if we might become a happier people by giving a little less time to the accumulation of wealth, and a little more to harmless amusements and communion with nature. All through Europe I find parks, and groves, and gardens, and public grounds and picture galleries, and collections of animal and vegetable wonders for the amusement of the people, and music and harmless sports, and fathers, mothers and children, rich and poor, taking holidays together. We have not as yet these public grounds and galleries, but everywhere within our reach are forests, rivers and lakes, green hills and running streams, and the songs of the birds, and the lowing of cattle. Nowhere do the seasons come more beautiful with the verdure of spring, the flowers of summer, the fruitage and tints of autumn, and the ice and snow of winter. No skies are more clear than ours. No stars shine more brightly. Do we take time for the enjoyment of these? Do we not in our terrible competition sacrifice too much the present, to a future that never comes?—*Our Dumb Animals.*

☞ South Carolina, according to a recent State census, has a poulation of 706,023 persons, or 2,288 more than in 1860. The colored people number 410,708, being a loss of 1,712 during the last nine years, and the white people number 295,314, being an increase of 4,000.

☞ Many of the New York churches decline to renew the engagements for choir singers at the high prices paid last year.

### THE GOLDEN WEDDING IN HEAVEN.

From youthful hours we two together
Have lived for fifty years—
Through summer days, through winter weather,
Through sunshine and through tears.

Now watching thy sick couch beside,
Still beautiful to me,
I trust whatever may betide
We shall not parted be.

Oh, God, if death be come for *her*,
Let my strong prayer be heard:
Leave me not here a prisoner
On earth, with hope deferred.

Grant, while her angel wings are spreading,
I be not left alone;
But let us keep our golden wedding
Before thy golden throne!

* * * *

Fulfillment to the prayer was given—
In quiet death they lay,
And celebrated in high heaven
Their fiftieth wedding-day.

## The Avengers.

A STORY OF INDIAN WARFARE.

I was riding one splendid autumn day across the region which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascades, returning from the treaty ground where one of the interminable covenants of "eternal peace and amity" had been concluded between the whites and the Indians; only to be broken when a favorable opportunity presented itself. I was not then in any official capacity; I was only the guest of the United States Indian Commissioners. We were approaching the foot hills of the Cascades, and riding through the beautiful green valleys strewn with brilliant flowers only known in our gardens, and with graceful pines and fragrant junipers. With our spirits elated by the prospect of once more tasting the delights of civilization, we were inclined to look with a *couleur de rose* aspect on all things. Troops of gayly-decked Indians galloped and curvetted through the prairies; racing and chasing, laughing and shouting, as we spurred along. There seemed no care on their minds. Here they joined, and there, as a little glen opened in among the mountains, they left us for their home by the banks of some beautiful stream, the gurgle of whose waterfalls we could hear echoing away among the hills. Gradually they all left us, and we were alone. We were now entering the country of the friendly Indians, and before long would be within the advanced outposts of frontier civilization; so we dismissed the troop of soldiers which had hitherto escorted us, and camped all alone that night. We rather missed the gay troop of motley soldiers and Indian warriors who had been our daily companions for weeks together, and naturally fell a-talking about the rude and easy independence of the Indian of this region.

On the whole, as we sat cheerily round our sage-brush camp-fire that night, we came to the conclusion that the Indian's was an enviable existence, and that one of those days we would turn savage altogether, after having been half and half for the last three months. We even began to begrudge him his life. Congress had already done that, and put him on civilized "reserves." "He's a dooced sight too well off," remarked an honorable candidate for the Legislature, as he carefully trimmed an inch-square chew of tobacco. "Happy! I guess he's as happy as a——" What simile he would have compared the felicity of a Digger Indian to I know not, for just then a strange figure rode into camp. He was an Indian, mounted on a sorry nag, and, as to his garments, ragged and scanty. Though none of us could understand much of his language, yet this knight of the ragged poncho made himself very much at home, and, after giving a careless patronizing nod all around, without being asked, finished the remains of our supper with the utmost suavity. He might be any age between fifteen and forty, for it was impossible to say from his appearance. He did not appear to be a native of the region, and, after some difficulty, he made us understand that he came from somewhere in the Humboldt country, in the direction of the great Salt Lake in Utah; and that he had fled from his tribe for some offence (in which the cutting of throats appeared to mingle.) His enemies were on his track, and, seeing our trail, he had resolved to put himself under our protection; finally, he was going to remain with us. Now, though none of us had much objection to Indians murdering each other, yet we had no desire to be the Quixote of this ragged vagabond, or to embroil ourselves with his countrymen. We accordingly told him, in that grandiloquent tone supposed to be necessary when addressing the savage,* that we were going to a distant country, to a very distant country, to the setting of the sun. Whereupon we were assured that that was the *very* place he was in search of! In the morning he made himself so handy in getting up our horses (though we were every now and again troubled with a suspicion that in a fit of abstraction he might disappear during the night with our steeds, and leave us helpless in the desert,) and begged so piteously to go to the "setting sun" with us, that ordinary humanity prevailed, and Sancho-Panza (as, with small regard to the plot of Cervantes, we dubbed him,) was soon recognized as a member of our party, sharing in all the honors and immunities, and doing full justice to the comestibles. Sancho so ingratiated himself that before long he became the possessor of a butcher knife, a "hickory shirt," and an old blanket; and the first day's travel had not ended before he had paid my horse the flattering compliment of offering to swop with me. My companions were most of them Southern men, and had all a Southerner's love for the acquisition of a "nigger." They accordingly began to train Sancho in the way he should go, more especially in camp cookery. He was very willing to learn, but had great difficulty in comprehending that the frying-pan was not a spittoon, and that fat pork was not used in civilized communities to light the fire on wet mornings. One morning, after travelling about two miles on our way, he suddenly recollected that he had left his butcher's knife at the camp fire, and, lightening his horse of his blanket, rode back, telling us that he would overtake us very soon. We watched him riding over the sage-brush plain until a rising ground hid him from our sight. Slowly we jogged along, but still he never overtook us. We halted long at midday for him, and camped early; but this ragged rover of the desert we never saw again. There were men about that evening's camp fire who were not backward in hinting, amid sage winks, that Sancho had given us the slip with the little portable property he had acquired; but there were others who thought differently. Getting rather anxious about him, lest he might have missed our trail, we rode back; every moment expecting him to turn up. But he did not. The moon was up, full and bright, and we spurred silently along, each man silent with his own thoughts. I noticed, however, that we all instinctively began looking to the capping of our revolvers, and of the Henry rifles slung across our saddle-bows. We soon reached the prairie we had left in the morning, and suddenly we drew up with a start. There was his old white horse grazing about, and, as we galloped down the slope not one hundred yards from our camp, we saw a sorry sight. There lay the body of poor Sancho, dead, and pierced with three flint-pointed arrows. We dismounted, and, rifle in hand, gazed around, but no sign of human being was to be seen, though doubtless keen eyes were glaring at us from some bush not far afield. The avengers of blood had been tracking him day after day, but had feared to attack seeing him in the company of our rifles. Day after day they had followed him, unseen by us, but watching his every movement, and knowing well that they would get him separated from us at last.

I could never understand why they had not taken the arrows out his body, or why he had not been scalped. Probably they had been alarmed in their work, and had fled. He was *only an Indian*, and among the hard men who stood about his dead body, there were few who valued the life of any member of his race at more than a charge of powder. Still we felt sorry as we gathered some stones and brushwood to heap over him. There was no mockery of burial, or any more solemn proceeding than pulling the arrows out of his body (I have them over my chimney-piece now) and riding on our way. Civilization treads fast on the heels of barbarism here. In another two days we were dancing at a ball in a frontier town, and next day were "interviewed" by the editor of the Grizzly Camp Picayune and Flag; whose only comment on the story was, "And served the critter right, sir!"

*The famous New England governor spoke in *bad English*, so that his Indian audience might understand him the better.

## A Christian Frame of Mind.

FROM THE LONDON "FUN."

There was once a Colonial Bishop, whose See was on the Coast of Africa.

He was an energetic Bishop who labored nobly, according to his views, and no man gainsaid him.

In his immediate neighborhood resided a barbarous tribe—the Tribe of the Canoodle-Dummers. You have heard of them.

They were idolators.

They were a simple race, with a primitive religion. They were a mild and peaceable people, and lived in perfect harmony with one another.

The Bishop said (and very properly), "I will convert these benighted heathens."

He entered among them, and they received him hospitably. He is indebted to them for teaching him the flavor of ape, which, to this day, is always served in various forms at the Episcopal banquets. There are few pleasanter dishes than ape stewed with oysters and port wine. But, on the other hand, he found them but little prepared to listen to the beauties of the religion he was about to unfold to them.

He began by entering into conversation with their Chum, or High Priest.

The Bishop learned from the Chum, or High Priest, the heads of the Canoodle-Dummers' faith.

He found that at sunrise they were summoned to prayer by the beating of a tom-tom, or the blowing of a horn.

"It does not matter which," said the Chum.

"How is this?" said the Bishop. "It does not matter which?"

"It does not in the least matter whether it is a tom-tom or a horn," said the Chum. "Why should it?"

"Oh," said the Bishop, "this is a terrible state of things." And he thought to himself, "It is useless just at present to endeavor to inculcate the beauties of Christianity among this ignorant and unsophisticated people. In their present state of mind they will not appreciate what I have to tell them. I will begin by endeavoring to instil a healthier moral tone, so they will the more readily apprehend the doctrine that I shall then lay before them."

With the permission of their chief, he summoned the tribe. They came like lambs.

"Oh, Canoodle-Dummers," said he, "I am pained to find that you are indifferent as to whether a tom-tom or a horn is used to summon you to your devotions."

"We are quite indifferent," said they, with one voice, "so that we are summoned."

"But," said the Bishop, "observe, if a horn is right, a tom-tom must be wrong. So, likewise, if a tom-tom is right, a horn is out of the question."

"But, why?" said the Canoodle-Dummers.

"Why?" echoed the Bishop indignantly, "Why of course!"

"I see," said each Canoodle-Dummer, thoughtfully. And the members of the tribe looked askance at each other, and each edged away from his neighbor.

And the next day the tribe was divided into two mighty religious factions, those who stood up for the horn, and those who stood up for the tom-tom.

The Chum, or High Priest, endeavored but in vain, to reconcile them. "Why," said the Chum, "should you quarrel on such a point? You are all good men. You are all amiable, sufficiently virtuous, tolerably sober, charitable, and generally well conducted. You agree on all the vital points of your religion. Why divide on matters of unimportant detail?"

"Why, indeed?" said the tribe. And the two factions embraced.

"Stop!" said the Bishop, "I am pained beyond measure to see this. What are the ingredients of a plum-pudding to the shape of the mould in which it is boiled?"

"Nothing at all," said the tribe. And they were again, and finally, divided.

The Bishop persevered.

He addressed the Horn party, and said, "I notice with pain that some of your horns are long, and some are short. This should not be."

"Which is right?" said the Horn party.

"I am not of your religion," said the Bishop, "so I cannot undertake to offer an opinion. But one thing is certain, if one is right the other is wrong."

So the Horn party was divided into two sects—the Long Horns and the Short Horns. And the Long Horns hated the Short Horns even more than the Horn party hated the Tom-tom party. And the Short Horns returned the compliment.

The Bishop then addressed the Tom-tom party, and said, "I am grieved to see that some of your tom-toms are long and narrow, while others are short and stout. If it is right that a tom-tom should be long and narrow, it is a sin to use those that are of diametrically opposite form."

And the Tom-tom party were accordingly divided into two sects, the Long and Narrow Tom-tom, and the Short and Stout Tom-tom.

And the feud that existed between the Horn party and the Tom-tom party, was as nothing compared to that which raged between the Long and Narrow Tom-tom party and the Short and Stout Tom-tom party.

The Bishop still persevered.

He pointed out to the Long Horn party that some of the Long Horns were sharp and some were flat.

So the Long Horn party were subdivided, and became the Sharp Long Horns and the Flat Long Horns. He pointed out to the Short Horn party that some of the short horns were cow's horns and some were ram's horns.

So the Short Horn party were subdivided, and became the Short Cow Horns and the Short Ram Horns.

The Bishop still persevered.

He pointed out to the Long and Narrow Tom-tom party that some of their long and narrow tom-toms were headed with the skin of sheep, and some with the skin of pigs.

So the Long and Narrow Tom-tom party were subdivided, and became the Long and Narrow Sheep-headed Tom-tom party and the Long and Narrow Pig-headed Tom-tom party.

He pointed out to the Short and Stout Tom-tom party that some of their short and stout tom-toms were bored in with wood, and some with iron. So the Short and Stout Tom-tom party were subdivided into the Short and Stout Wooden-boxed Tom-tom party, and the Short and Stout Iron-boxed Tom-tom party.

And here the good Bishop took breath and rested. For by this time there was only one man to each subdivision, and the process of disintegration could be carried on no further.

Let us hope, however, that he was as successful in converting them to Christianity as he was in bringing them to a Christian frame of mind.

### The Great Nations of Europe.

One of the uses of foreign travel is the modification of erroneous ideas. I left home, writes Mr. Angell, with a vivid impression of the almost unlimited wealth and power of the United States of America. But since I have seen these great cities of Europe, whose treasuries have been accumulating for ages—and have considered that the rich lend and the poor borrow, and that *we always borrow*, since I have become more familiar with the dockyards, and naval and commercial marine statistics of Great Britain, and have studied somewhat the military systems of France, Prussia and Austria, since I have seen how easily armies can be raised here, and how cheaply supported, and how much of national feeling and pride these people have, I have come to the conclusion that our country, after all, is only a half-grown giant, whose wealth is largely prospective, and whose future is to depend much upon his ability to so educate and govern his children, that they shall live in harmony at home and peace with the neighbors, giving no cause for hostile combinations, which might paralyze his industry and impoverish them.

### The Subterranean Lakes of Florida.

In Florida there are many lakes which have holes in the bottom and underground communication, so that they will sometimes shrink away to a mere cupful, leaving many square miles of surface uncovered, and then again fill up from below and spread out over their former area. Some of them have outlets in the ocean far from shore, bursting up a perpetual spring of fresh water in the very midst of the briny saltness of the sea. In times of low water, during a long, exhaustive dry season, men have gone underground in one of these subterranean rivers from lake to lake a distance of eight miles.

### Female Society.

What is it that makes those men who associate habitually with women superior to others? What makes that woman who is accustomed and at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken; their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is changed continually. The asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their character are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant, by studs and knots of good and precious stones when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

☞ MENDICANT SOLDIERS.—The annual report to Congress of the National Asylum for Disabled Soldiers asserts that begging, organ-grinding, and other similar pursuits, so commonly indulged in by cripples in the large cities, are carried on by associations, which pick up all maimed persons willing to be employed in such pursuits, at starving wages. These associations, it is alleged, earn as much as $30 a day from each employee, by reason of the misdirected benevolence of a generous public.

☞ The body of a little Kentucky boy, frozen to death last week, was guarded two days and pointed out to the parents by his faithful dog.

☞ Gustave Dore, it is said, will make an artistic tour through the United States. Some of our strange, Far-Western scenery will be a revelation even to his weird and imaginative pencil.

### MY TRIUMPH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The autumn-time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear!

And present gratitude
Insures the future's good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be;

That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

Oh living friends who love me!
Oh dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases;
Why, when dear lips that speak it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted;
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any song
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of Heaven blow o'er me,
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold.

The love of God and neighbor,—
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples,
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

## UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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### CHAPTER XII.

BY NIGHT.

It was the night of the party, and the Thorndike mansion was ablaze with light. The evening air was crisp and cool, but not damp, and there being no moon the winding drive was ornamented with colored lanterns, which lent a weird enchantment. The fountain in the midst of the lawn sent up jets in rainbow hues that returned in soft spray of gold, crimson and purple.

The drawing-room windows opened to the floor, so the orchestra was stationed on the balcony. The room itself was a palace of beauty with its lights and flowers. Opposite, the library had been arranged for the card-players, while the spacious dining-room at the back was necessarily closed.

The second floor was devoted to dressing apartments. An Abigail of the most elegant type waited upon the ladies, and the gentlemen were by no means neglected.

Warren Thorndike had given this party with a purpose of his own. He was not only courting popularity for himself, but he wanted to draw within his circle men of means and influence. He wanted money to develope his schemes, for he thought he saw a very brilliant future. Before he had passed the prime of life he meant to be a millionnaire. He believed that he had the energy and foresight to compass this.

So he had spared no expense. He might grumble a little when the bills came in, as he was not above that infirmity of husband-nature, but he would have nothing stinted now.

Neither had Mrs. Thorndike economized personally. Her pale-blue silk was rich and soft, her point lace of the most exquisite quality, and her diamonds were the envy of Dedham. She moved a miniature queen in this charmed circle, and was startlingly beautiful. Mrs. Wilder had been asked for a week, and as she always liked full scope for her executive abilities, Mrs. Thorndike left much of the management to her. She had only to smile and be enchanting.

She had been introduced to one and another until her brain seemed in hopeless confusion. And yet one face that she had rather longed for and expected was not there. The feeling was hardly active enough to be called disappointment, still she fancied that he would enjoy this gay scene with its fair women, and certainly the array of masculines was not to despised.

Then came another, "Mr. Marchmont, Mrs. Thorndike."

She would not be likely to forget this man or confuse his name with the others. At the first glance she thought him the handsomest man that she had ever met. Many another woman had reached the same decision as rapidly.

If I said he was tall, with a fine figure, purplish black hair and beard, a clear, but rather pale complexion, features that might have been chiseled out of marble, indeed all that goes to make up manly beauty, you would still have an indistinct idea of him.

When you came to examine him critically you found some rather unpleasant combinations. The forehead was narrow at the temples, the lips were thin, though of a brilliant scarlet, and wore a smile that the least change made sardonic or seraphic as his mood might be. His eyes were quite light, a kind of steely color, and gleaming through the long, black lashes gave them a most peculiar expression and power. They were merciless, and I was about to say treacherous, and yet they could soften to the most bewitching tenderness. He understood his power—heaven knows he had tried it often enough.

Lucy Thorndike gave him a careless glance—it was not her habit to inspect strangers minutely. Her indifference piqued him, and then he smiled when she looked again.

"Mrs. Thorndike," he said, "you seem to have a palace of enchantment here."

For answer she gave her clear, low laugh.

'You are used to compliments, and perhaps flattery, for there is no lack of that coin. Excuse me for making such a common-place remark, I dare say you have heard it dozens of times already."

"No, Mr. Marchmont, no one has made that particular comparison. I am not sure but that I should delight to have it true."

"And the power in your hands?"

"In my hands, of course."

She made a very charming inclination of the head, and standing in the wake of the chandelier her hair seemed to be transmuted to waves of molten gold, and there were soft, wandering lights in her eyes.

"Well," he went on with gay good nature—"how would you rule?"

"Oh, mercifully, I think," in a slow, vague tone. "I should want every one to be happy."

"In your way? For I observe that seems to be the ideal of all governments."

"I do not believe that to be the true method," was her prompt answer.

"What then?"

"Each one in his own way."

"Mrs. Thorndike you are Utopian, impracticable—in short, a woman."

He uttered this in a soft, musical tone as if it were a compliment.

"Well, that does not distress me."

There was so much piquancy in her manner that he felt charmed and lured on.

"What is your idea of happiness?"

"I confess I hardly know."

"Have you not attained it?"

This was a bold question. A woman better versed in the ways of the world would not have answered it frankly.

"I do not think I have," she said slowly. "I wonder if it is always so as we go on with life. Three years ago a very little would have satisfied me. I do not want you to fancy that I am morbid or miserable now, far from it. I have a very thorough enjoyment of life, and—" a little proudly—"a great deal to enjoy. But it puzzles me why one delight should always suggest a keener and higher."

"That is one of the mysteries of human nature."

"And yet that one can feel it without being wretched."

"Hope was at the bottom of the box, you know," and he gave one of his peculiar, mystical smiles.

"Then you think we unconsciously hope for any lost or missing joy?"

She was not looking at him and he saw it. A brief mood of thought was passing over her, as a light cloud drifts athwart the summer sky. Did she hold any dim dream in her heart?

"A peculiar and beautiful woman," he mused, "with the heart of sixteen. I shall not be utterly wrecked on this narrow and forlorn coast."

"I know we do. It is right that we should; and who can blame us if we take every method to compass it. Mrs. Thorndike"—in a peculiarly pleading tone—"I wish I dared ask you to go out to the fountain. This view is most tantalising. But I suppose it would be too great a favor."

There was such a longing look in his eyes that she smiled.

"I dare say no one would miss me for a few moments; as all the guests must have arrived. Were you very late, or was it simply that I had not chanced to see you before."

"I was very late. Indeed, I considered some time whether I had better venture or not—being a stranger."

"Have you seen much of Dedham?"

"No. I was here a month ago for a few hours, and came in again yesterday. I owe this pleasure to the kindness of Mr. Thorndike. But it is likely to be my home for the winter, at least."

In the meanwhile they had gone down the steps. The fountain was not far distant. Some curious spell had urged him to detach her from the rest—perhaps he fancied that he could judge her more correctly.

The great waves of music surged upon the night air, almost drowning out the soft, murmurous tones of the falling spray. The beautiful blending of lights added to the picturesque scene. So wayward and half fascinated was her mood that she almost wished the crowd were gone, and he and she might linger there undisturbed by any consciousness of duties.

He spoke presently. He had a subtle and dangerous gift of language—and now his thoughts flowed in a channel of equisite imagery. The light, half scoffing tone had vanished, and she listened with the curious sensation of being charmed, if such a thing were possible.

She was pursuing a train of reflection while her brain appeared to him simply receptive.

Why should she not make friends with some of these entertaining and agreeable men? No one questioned Mrs. Glenfield's right so to do.

The weird notes of the Lava Strome floated down to them, thrilling the soft air. She turned. Music like this swayed her powerfully.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "you waltz. One would know it from your slender, swaying figure—and such eyes."

"And what else?"

"The rest will keep. If I told you too much at a time, you would soon tire of me. Let us go back to the dancers."

He meant that she should waltz with him before the lights were out, but he said nothing now. Quadrilles he set down as stupid and despised them.

It was nearly eleven then, and the dancing continued for the next hour, when supper was announced. Mrs. Thorndike had been wonderfully brilliant and fascinating. Now and then the waves surged round bringing a face with a puzzling smile and eyes deeply intent upon success.

"For it will quite enliven a winter in this dreary place," he thought between the pauses of talk and music.

The supper-room lost nothing in comparison with the rest of the house. As for the table, it seemed a shining mass of glass and silver—while fragrant flowers blossomed and drooped from dainty or antique vases. Here a mound of purple grapes, with the bloom still upon them, as if they were dreaming through the long summer afternoon under golden suns, with festoons of ivy and clustering roses, to make an agreeable contrast. Here the large oval Malaga, with their pale sea-green tint, lighted up with sprays of scarlet flowers; fruits from tropical shores, and rare wines sparkling beyond on the sideboard. Captious indeed must be the guest that could not find some pleasure.

They ate and drank, talked and laughed. Mr. Thorndike grew rather boisterous, enjoyment was quite apt to bubble over the brim with the man, but he was not alone. Here and there some clear, fine brain preserved its cool self-possession. Lucy Thorndike noted them with an eye that seemed alive to any defect, or any grace. Through it all Mr. Marchmont preserved his high-bred demeanor—and he in turn, watched her.

"What a dolt that Thorndike is! Gad! if a man could be in his position!"

He washed the thought down with a sip of sparkling wine. And then another—"How had that lovely girl come to marry him?"

Some of the guests went away soon afterward. Mr. Glenfield laughingly declared, after his wife had insisted upon departure, that it was very gay for sober people like themselves, but he had no warning voice to raise.

The place was more comfortable after the thinning out. The dancing went on, and Lucy, who had scarcely participated in it during the earlier part of the evening, as it had been devoted to her guests, gave herself up to the alluring enjoyment. It was a passion with her—pure, though entrancing.

The lights, the perfumed air, the rhythmic pulses that blended "viol, flute, and bassoon" seemed actual voices to her as with half-closed eyes she floated dreamily from wave to wave. Her first experiences of it had been almost overwhelming, but since then a subtle refinement had set in, and now she had grown exclusive.

Mr. Thorndike never put any check upon this pastime. He had no fine sentiment to be pained—and as yet he had not reached the estate of jealousy. So Mr. Marchmont was not haunted by any fierce, glaring eyes—and if he had been, it would have been characteristic of the man to go on just the same. In fact, obstacles always gave a vim to success.

At last the good-nights were said. Some of the faces looked a little weary, flowers were faded, and dresses limp; but it had proved delightful, every one declared. Most of the women envied Lucy Thorndike, for there had never been so elegant an entertainment in Dedham.

Lucy had her room darkened, and stayed in bed until noon of the next day. By that time the debris had been cleared away. She was fresh and radiant, and yet she listened to her husband's gratulations that evening at dinner with an absent air. Of course it had been a crush and a success, and she wanted to hear no more about it through this coarse channel.

Mrs. Wilder finished her visit and went away. There were the usual calls, drives, and small breaks to wear away the days. A vague feeling of unrest began to steal over her again, a perplexing and tormenting desire for something that she had not. What was it?

Mr. Rutherford came in town and missed her by a few moments. She felt deeply disappointed.

"And yet what does it matter," she thought to herself, unconsciously contrasting him with Vaughan Marchmont. "It is hardly likely that the friendship would raise itself above the level of common-place."

What was there in the mystical land beyond that presented such alluring glimpses of a higher life than this she was leading? But how should she aspire to it?

Perhaps it was not strange that Lucy Thorndike threw herself into society with a greater zest than ever. It was very agreeable and attractive this season, beginning with her party. The men with whom Mr. Thorndike surrounded himself were refined, accustomed to society, and to a wider range of thought and conversation than the ordinary residents of Dedham. There was a continual coming and going, orders for dainty lunches or more pretentious dinners. Lucy graced these in a very charming fashion. Without understanding there might be any possible danger, her husband approved, and that was all that seemed necessary for her.

Of course there were not wanting jealous and grudging souls to cavil at her course. Rachel groaned in secret over the dissipation, perhaps the most honest of them all.

As for Warren Thorndike, he fancied himself on the high road to a most brilliant success. His schemes were working well. Not only that, but he would be an actual benefactor to his native town. He had hosts of improvements in his brain against the time when gold began to pour a steady stream into his coffers.

Mr. Marchmont was well pleased to be a welcome guest at the Thorndikes'. He took the gentleman at a very true estimate, if it was not exactly complimentary. It did little harm, since he proposed to keep it to himself. Mrs. Thorndike he admired after the fashion of a man of the world. She was so fresh and piquant, so frank and innocent withal. He knew that she did not even understand herself, so there would be little fear of her penetrating his subtler plans.

Not that he meditated any wrong or harm that would lower her in the eyes of the world. He esteemed himself a conscientious man. He had also learned by experience that women were not as tender of heart as poets suppose, and some who had come under his observation were quite ready for a small flirtation. Girls might become too warmly interested, but a married woman was altogether safe. Such a one had a position to maintain, and as he was never likely to persuade a woman to throw away "name and fame and all" for his sake, his friendships were always perfectly respectable.

Lucy Thorndike was pleased with his delicate attentions. She was not sure, after a month's acquaintance, but that she liked him better than Mr. Rutherford. Mr. Marchmont gave her no depressing idea of herself. She liked to be appreciated. There was something exhilirating in a talk with him, and yet she could rarely remember anything that he had said. But one evening they drifted to the verge of dangerous ground.

They had fallen into a careless discussion of personal harmony as affecting love and friendship.

"I am not sure that I ever had a real friend," she said slowly. "Is it because I am incapable of attracting one?"

She glanced at him out of deep, restless eyes. She had unconsciously taken up the habit of asking him direct questions without much thought as to consequences.

He smiled curiously. The lights burning low in their ground globes gave her a peculiar charm. He viewed her critically, as a rare bird or plant would have been inspected by some.

"I think you have never tried."

"Mr. Marchmont, how do people try?"

Her eyes were luminous with expectation, and a half smile, wayward and wandering, crossed her lips.

"As if all women did not know!"

"They do not. I have a fancy that some women always stand alone."

"Because they are cold and self-centered. And that is an anomaly. They should be tender, clinging."

"And you believe all that soft nonsense about women," she laughed.

"Is it nonsense? It seems to me that they are peculiarly susceptible to the finer emotions, such as answer the call of love and friendship. She who is not, would be a monstrosity."

Lucy Thorndike smiled in her abstracted way.

"Mr. Marchmont," she said suddenly, "I heard you dissecting character with a great deal of nicety at Mrs. McLaren's. You were describing all the qualities that made a perfect equipoise. Can you do that with characters not properly or correctly balanced?"

"Why?" with a quick look, like a flash from his light eyes.

"I was thinking as I listened to you that evening, what a pleasure it would be to hear one's self mapped out in so concise a manner. Take me for a subject, Mr. Marchmont."

He might have fancied her laughing at him, but for her pleading tone and the warm color in her cheek.

"You understand your own capabilities too well," he said evasively.

"No, I do not;" and now she was grave. "Did you never wish that you could go out of your own body for a brief while and look at it from some unconscious stand-point while it talked and went through with its brief play, peering down into its soul?"

A strange earnestness came into her eyes, and her scarlet lip seemed to quiver.

He was not quite sure that he cared to inspect his own motives with critical precision, so he said carelessly—

"You are in a strange mood to-night."

"Then I can hardly fail to become a good subject. Begin. What are my strongest characteristics?"

"Love of enjoyment is one," he said slowly, and then paused.

"Right," she answered, with a daintily-flavored laugh. "But, Mr. Marchmont, there ought to be something higher than that to life."

With that sentence her face became grave again.

"After all," he said in his low, musical tone, "enjoyment is the great aim of every life. It is as various as human nature. There have always been ascetics who mortified the flesh to make martyrs of themselves, but what real good did they accomplish for the world at large?"

"Yet if they loved pleasure it was heroic in them."

"But I fancy they did not care for it, and *did* love notoriety. That you know is heaven to some souls."

No, these were not her heroes.

"But it seems frivolous to waste days upon mere pleasure," she said.

"Does it?" and a faint flush mounted to his brow. "In my experience I have found that those souls quick to take in a scent or sound, the flash of a bird, or the ripple of a wave, are the ones who minister delicately to the happiness of others. They are not blind nor dumb, neither are they utterly wrapped in self. And is not this a trifling good to say the least? Shall it be despised?"

She paused in her rapid yet aimless thought. Perhaps her life was not altogether wasted.

"And what then?" she asked presently, going back to the old, gay mood.

"You have been formed for enjoyment, for friendship, for love."

He repeated each clause in a slow, distinct voice, and with a peculiar emphasis.

"Yes, I know about the last," she said impatiently, beating imaginary time with her restless foot upon the carpet. "Tell me what I must do to inspire friendship?"

He looked steadfastly at her for a moment. Did she believe that she truly understood anything of love? Ah, she could be shown depths and heights that she had never imagined! A warm, thrilling current started in his mind, and for an instant he almost wished the power to teach her were indeed his.

"You don't answer me," she went on with childish petulance.

"I cannot now," he returned abruptly. "And do you know how late it is? Ah, you need not ask any questions—I think you understand the fatal syren charm of beguiling the wayfarer."

He rose and came nearer, but there was a strange haughtiness in her smile and her next movement, so he said his good-night courteously, not being pressed to stay, as was sometimes her eager wont.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Lucy Thorndike stood in the centre of the room where Vaughan Marchmont had left her. Her cheeks were flushed with a brilliant carmine, her lips slightly apart, her eyes full of wavering lights. She was both annoyed and pleased. Her sense of refinement and honor, which was innately high after all, had been touched, wounded. And yet it was partially soothed by the half acknowledgment he had made of her power.

Her husband came up the steps with a clatter. She drew her straight brows into a little frown.

A ruddy, healthy man, whose mental status would always be lamentably less in the scale than the physical. His hands were large and coarse, his motions clumsy in spite of the briskness. Every day this knowledge seemed to grow upon her.

"I met Marchmont down the street," he said.

"Well?" She stood as if she were going to receive sentence.

He laughed loudly.

"You didn't quarrel with him I hope? You look as if you were equal to anything."

She softened a trifle, and made answer—

"No, he did not give me any cause."

"Don't pick one then."

"Warren," she asked, "how much do you care for me? Half as much as for your schemes and your gold?"

He glanced at her in astonishment as if he was not quite sure of her being in a right mind.

"Why, you have your share of the money," he said.

"Yes, you have been very kind to me, very kind. I have had a happy life here contrasted with the old one, but I feel sometimes as if I would like to make it better. And if any one would help me—"

There was a vague, puzzled look in her eyes that he did not understand.

"You took up the Glenfields and their church-going ways, but that did not satisfy you," he said not unkindly, yet in a straightforward manner as if it was folly to clothe facts in soft raiment.

"No, that did not satisfy me," in a thoughtful tone, and glancing to the far corners of the room.

She was so used to his plain manner of talking that it seldom gave her any pain, even if she did sometimes long for a little more tenderness.

"Are you not happy?" he asked, thrusting both hands deeply in his pockets, and lounging down until one shoulder touched the mantel.

"Yes;" she answered, sharply, though with a little twinge of conscience. She could not confess as freely to him as she had to others, and her cheek flushed at the thought. But it appeared blackest ingratitude to find any fault with what he gave—with what she had once been so happy to take.

Warren Thorndike glanced at his wife in dull amazement. Every now and then she broke out in some wild dream quite beyond his comprehension. It seemed to him that she was not altogether a comfortable woman to live with, in spite of her beauty and grace and winsome ways.

"What do you want?" he asked, with a kind of blunt good nature. "A new shawl, or a silk gown, or laces and fol-de-rols? How much money will it take?"

He pulled out his wallet as if he would settle it then and there, and get it out of his mind.

She crossed over to him and laid her soft, white hand upon his shoulder. Her eyes were bathed in a kind of appealing tenderness, and her voice was almost hysterical as she said—

"I don't want money, Warren. I want a love that can come near to me in sad hours or joyous ones; that can awake better and loftier motives than any I have ever had, that will give an impetus to life, and make me thankful every day that I am here."

"Oh," he returned, half laughingly, "you get that out of novels. I'm sure if I hadn't liked you, I should not have asked you to marry me."

"No;" and a faint, sad smile crossed her lips. "I am foolish, that's all."

But she turned away cold and heavy at heart. Most plainly she saw the wide gulf between them—the gulf that could never be bridged over. Had her early fancy invested him with qualities that he did not possess? She had seen so few men at that period. It seemed as if she had been set in the wrong place in life; and now there was no getting out of it.

She choked down a bitter, gasping breath that might have been a cry of despair, had she given it birth. And then she tried to go back to the old belief. Why should she worry herself about all these things? Other women did not! Mrs. Glenfield accepted all the homage that was laid at her shrine with an air of perfect complacency. She made some distinctions to be sure—she did not dance; but then she walked with other gentlemen, talked and allowed herself to be complimented—and was really the centre of attraction to the young men of the Shiloah congregation. She loved her husband, and it was no wonder that she was proud of him—that was her safeguard, perhaps.

Mrs. McLaren was a happy wife, too—but if the whole truth were admitted, she *did* flirt pretty deeply sometimes. There was no sentiment in it with her, but just a love of pleasure and excitement. She occasionally boasted of her petty triumphs; indeed, she fancied that if she were a widow, there would be strifes, heart burnings, and even duels.

But then Mrs. McLaren was very attractive—had been to Europe, could talk of art, music, and great people with perfect readiness and a certain kind of familiarity that quite extinguished Lucy's more moderate pretensions.

Why not enjoy the pleasures that other women found so fascinating? Of what avail was this unquiet longing? Her husband would never help her to any higher sphere; indeed, she had an awful presentiment that every step in this direction took her farther away from him.

The result of her meditations was a deeper plunge into gayety. She little fancied that Vaughan Marchmont, made more careful by his slight rebuff, was watching her with a curious intensity. He understood every phase of womanhood, save the highest and best. I do not mean that he placed them on any degrading level, he simply had no faith in the permanency of any passion or affection. If it had been true for a lifetime, it was because it had encountered no sufficiently strong temptation.

And so at thirty he looked at matrimony as a far distant event. When he began to grow old and wearied with excitements, he would marry some woman with fortune, position and beauty. This great, stupid Thorndike had done much the same thing. Then he would settle down into a steady-going life, but the vision had few charms for him now. In the meanwhile he would now and then take a sip out of some other overflowing cup.

He paid Mrs. Thorndike a good deal of outward deference. He was not quite sure whether she blindly believed that she loved her husband, or that knowing the truth she

sedulously concealed it from other eyes. As he came nearer to her soul, however, he found that it was not superficial, that deep streams ran underneath the current, streams that might have been troubled by some passing emotion, but that had never been stirred. A rare bit of satisfaction it would be to rouse the swift tide of something that he called passion in its best sense.

They met frequently. Of all the men in her husband's circle she was not sure but that she liked him the best. Long quiet talks displayed his culture and refinement, and opened to her the very world for which she had longed. She lingered in delighted amaze at its fascinating brink.

She stood one morning studying a hurried message from her husband. He was to bring Mr. Rutherford in to lunch, and gave one or two special orders.

She started in surprise, and yet with a pleasurable emotion. He had made two or three flying visits to Dedham, but she had not seen him.

It was as if she looked to find him changed in those brief months. The same steadfast face, with its kindly but searching eyes, the grave half smile and cordial voice. And something above mere charm of manner, an earnestness of purpose that she had hardly noted before.

She was lovely and graceful as usual. Her conversational powers had been quickened by their constant use of late, and he found her very entertaining, yet the contrast between herself and her husband was more marked than heretofore.

"I am glad I did not speak," he mused to himself. "To rouse her energies would be fatal, unless there was some one to direct their force. It is better that she should go on quietly in the old life, with only these little outbreaks of frivolity. And yet what a possibility missed!"

So they passed each other on the bridge of life. How many times would it be thus?

She spoke of it that evening to Mr. Marchmont. Mr. Thorndike had been called away and was explaining some of his schemes to the new comer in the library. Occasionally his unmusical voice grated harshly upon Lucy's ear, although the door was closed.

"He came to the meeting of the directors," Marchmont replied; "although *my* acquaintance with Mr. Rutherford dates back years."

"Does it?" and a flash of interest passed over her face that the other did not like to see. "Have you been friends?"

"Circumstances never threw us into very intimate connection, though I am not sure the touch of so divine a kinship would have made itself felt."

He uttered this with a slightly cynical and yet very fascinating smile.

"I am afraid you have not much faith in friendship!"

"You are right—I have not. And yet I think it possible."

"It seems to me that Mr. Rutherford possesses some of the requisites. He has so much strength and such a grand patience."

"But is it not for himself alone? Proud and self-centered he is, I grant, yet is he ready to help any struggling soul?"

Lucy started at this and flushed. Was it not what she had experienced? He had drawn back from her—but then she was a woman and a wife. Perhaps he was right. Somehow she kept a stubborn faith in him, yet she was silent.

"Mr. Rutherford will always judge events merely as they affect himself. He is not large and free of vision. If you made a friend of him, you would find him attentive, courteous—but he would pause at a certain bound. He would not pass it himself, nor allow another so to do."

"Are you quite just?"

"So far as my experience goes," he answered, with assured gravity and gentleness.

There were certain moods in this man that she distrusted. At times he held her entranced by the subtle harmony of thought and language, or a brilliant flash of intellectual excitement—but he never seemed to warm with the feeling he roused.

"Mr. Marchmont," she began, with a peculiar smile, "how much would you do for a friend, one who loved you with all tenderness and loyalty?"

"A man or a woman?" he asked, startled by the question.

"A man I suppose," and she laughed innocently enough at his confusion. "I fancy men's warmest friendships are with men, and women's with their own sex."

"Not necessarily," he returned, scanning her face in his keen fashion to see the great want of her soul. "There have been some noble examples to the contrary."

"It may be possible;" a doubtful light playing about her lips, like the breaking of dawn in rosy skies.

"Why do you doubt,?" and his tone passed the boundary line of earnestness.

"Mr. Marchmont," she said, with a frankness peculiar to her, and which sometimes betrayed her very soul, "it seems to me that it would be dangerous for a young girl to have such a friend. Every grace that he possessed would win upon her soul. What would there be to keep her from loving him? Even the knowledge that he could never return it, might not prove sufficient at the fatal moment, and it would bring her a life-long misery."

"Then you believe in an eternity of and for love?"

"Why not?"

Her answer was so simply straightforward, so severely honest, that he could but smile. This roused her a little.

"I believe when a woman once loves truly and with her whole soul, it is for life, death, and eternity. We judge too often from the imperfect passions all around us."

Did she call hers imperfect? he wondered.

"And I think it one of the fragile luxuries of life, not a necessity by any means. Friendship is more satisfying. That burns with a steady, not devastating flame."

"And to a married woman her husband must ever be the best friend," she continued, returning to the subject of which they were losing sight.

"Ah, Mrs. Thorndike, you confuse the two. A friend's vision is cooler and clearer than a lover's. And there might be some points on which a friend's authority would be better, perhaps, from this very reason."

A dangerous and subtle light played about his eyes, and his voice was modulated to the finest touch of persuasiveness.

She was silent, revolving not only the idea, but Mr. Marchmont also in her mind. Though there might be moments of fascination she felt that she should never love him under any circumstances. And yet he was pleasing. Could any harm lurk in such a friendship?

He saw his advantage, and was not slow to take it.

"You might go to your husband for affection, for tenderness, and all that it is his duty and pleasure to give—but if he had no ear for music, and you were extravagantly fond of it, would it be wrong to enjoy the pleasure given by a friend."

"Not in so simple a thing, surely."

"A true friendship asks only the simplest of gifts. Wiser than love it makes few demands."

She lapsed into a dreamy reverie, and presently he continued—

"Mrs. Thorndike, let me be your friend, let me teach you what the word really means—for I think you are yet in ignorance of its quiet satisfaction."

He might have pleaded more warmly, but he did not wish to alarm. This foothold once gained, and the rest could be acquired at leisure.

The bright, arch smile came back to her face.

"How have I won you?" she asked. "You know I once asked you what people did to inspire friendship?"

She was like an eager, innocent child, and his soul warmed strangely toward her.

"I think you need a friend."

"But I will not be taken out of pity."

"Pity! Heavens; no. Surely you cannot be ignorant that you possess many qualities requisite for the keenest enjoyment of friendship. I have watched your face as it warmed with some far thought in a poem that missed other souls, or with the fine touches half out of sight in a picture that few besides discerned. You have a quick and great capacity for pleasure and pain, you suffer deeply, though to many you wear a mask over the wound. You have a rich, full soul that no one has fathomed—no, not even yourself; but all your life you have been kept close to a narrow bound shore, and not permitted to see the high mountains cloud capped and marvellous on the one side, nor the wide flowing ocean beyond—and yet this restricted vision might make shipwreck of your soul's best life. Make one effort and bear out boldly to the open, boundless sea!"

His voice had been even almost to monotony until the last sentence, when it rang out fine and clear as if he had beheld a glowing vision of happiness for her. It moved her strangely, carried her out of herself.

"We will be friends," she answered in a quiet tone which contrasted strongly with his latent vehemence.

Was she wronging the man across the hall? He had bidden her to be happy in any manner that pleased her. She would try this, for balls and parties had begun to have a vapid flavor. A friend to herself;—what did it mean?

Mr. Thorndike bade his business caller good-night, and turned to his wife. Marchmont was in a reverie by the window.

"How dull you are," he exclaimed. "Lucy, why did you not play for Mr. Marchmont?"

"He did not want music to-night," she answered, briefly.

Marchmont glancing at this commonplace man, felt inclined to laugh, but was too well-bred for any save the most courteous demeanor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Imperial Economy.

We live in wonderful times. Only look at this:—

"It has been remarked that the Empress Eugenie this year sometimes appears twice in the same day in the same dress, which was never the case before."

This unparalleled economy the French papers attribute to the pressure of reform which has been put upon the Emperor. His Majesty has made certain liberal professions, and deems it constitutional to be a little stingy. So the Empress is obliged to wear her dresses twice, and who can tell what pangs this retrenchment may have cost her? We hope her self-denial may largely bear good fruit, and that ladies generally may imitate her prudence. The Empress sets the fashions, and ladies love to copy her as nearly as they can, but it is new for them to learn from her a lesson in economy. If the Empress condescends to wear the same dress twice in four-and-twenty hours, Mrs. Smith may surely be satisfied in future with only ordering a new dress not more than once a week, and Mrs. Brown may somehow even manage to exist for as long as a whole fortnight without buying a new bonnet.

### Advertising for Husbands in Hungary.

It would seem from the following, which is extracted from a German paper, that the ladies of Hungary have rather a knack of advertising in a sensational way. "I am Madlle. Pepi, and my sister is called Netti. Kindly nature has endowed us with all the charms of womankind. We are both engaged at the Theatre National. I am in the chorus. Netti dances in the ballet. We are both of us virtuous girls, especially Netti. If any one believes that we are girls to be deceived he makes a mistake, and has only to inquire of the woman who acts as box-keeper, Madame Kovacs. We only desire to be married, firstly, because religion says it is the duty of woman; and secondly, because the time has arrived when we should settle, especially Netti. Finally, any one who wishes one or two wives has only to apply. Dated Pesth." And here follows the address.

A BEAR STORY.—The toughest bear story of the season is told by a Cherryfield (Me.) correspondent of the Machias Republican. Mr. Benj. Small found a family of four bears, three of them cubs. He had no weapon, not so much as a jacknife, with him. But he had on a pair of thick cowhide boots, and he kicked the old bear to the logging camp, where she was killed with an axe by one of his men. He didn't leave her an instant's time to plan either offensive or defensive movements, but kept the cowhide boots in vigorous play. He has the three cubs still alive and active.

THE PEDESTRED.—The last number of the Scientific American gives an illustration of this novel invention. It consists of a pair of wheels some fourteen or fifteen inches in diameter, to which are attached stout hickory stirrup-like appendages, in the bottoms of which were foot pieces, shaped like the woods of common skates. To one side of these appendages metallic plates are fastened, each having a short axle upon which the wheels above-mentioned turn. With these firmly strapped to the feet and legs, it is said that it has "all the capabilities of the skate." Farewell to the "velocipede."

## An Illinois Invalid;

### Or, A Western Story-Teller.

"I tell you, sir, that truth is stranger than fiction."

"Yes?" said I, with a studied effort to play the agreeable to the new-comer.

We were sitting at a plain but well-spread table in the kitchen of a Western farmhouse. Everything was on a generous scale, from the rolling prairie with its billowy reaches, down to the hay-stacks and the big wood-pile near the door. Within the house the same ample greeting was prominent. I had spent the day, since the December sunrise, in hunting up section corners and establishing boundary lines for my host. We had all of us worked hard, and the measurements had proven remarkably correct, for the chain slipped smoothly along on the frozen snow. The great Lillycache Sloo, in whose centre was a bottomless mire, was nicely crusted over, and the rank grass interwoven with the ice made the crossing safe. So we had passed over where many a horse had been smothered in the mud while venturing to ford the sluggish pool. Thus we had escaped a roundabout path, and had realized the privilege over which every true Westerner exults, viz.: that of making a bee-line between any two points. Hence we were in excellent spirits as we sat down to the smoking-hot supper. Mr. Felderkin with his two smart boys waited for no ceremony, and I followed their example in blunting my keen appetite with savory morsels. Two buxom daughters were bustling around the kitchen, and replenishing the table, while their vigorous mother, with hospitality shining all over her red face, was watching with care, lest we should for a moment see the bottom of the cup or plate.

We had nearly eaten our way through to victory, and some of us had pushed back to rest on our laurels, and to ogle the damsels, when the door opened, and in stepped a man of medium stature, rosy cheeks, long reddish hair, intelligent face, and about forty-five years of age.

"How are you, David?" said our host, and turning to me, exclaimed, in his hearty tones, "Stranger, this are Mr. Spencer, the sickest man that God ever made. Now, Dave, tell this live Yankee some of your great moral truths."

Thus introduced and challenged, Spencer gazed solemnly into my face, and, seeing expectation there depicted, he uttered the original phrase with which this sketch begins. I had been so often quizzed as a youth from New England, that I hardly knew what to expect, and therefore waited for Mr. Spencer to proceed.

At this stage, Mrs. F., in the kindness of her heart, poured out a bowl of milk, and offered it to the new-comer. He took it in silence, swallowed it, almost at a single gulp, set down the crockery with a slam, and, sinking into a chair, appeared to be griped with terrible pain.

"Perhaps you would rather have had some water," said the hostess, timidly.

"Well, marm, drinking milk is about like taking pills to me, but it's no consequence now it's down," replied the gloomy man.

Thinking to relieve the good lady's confusion, I asked Mr. Spencer if he had recently been sick. Had my query been a patent corkscrew, and Mr. Spencer a bottle of restless champagne, the explosion could not have been more immediate.

"Ill, sir! ill! that little word is too short, sir. Ill! you see nothing, sir, but my remains! I have been David Spencer. Now, sir, I may say, without intending disrespect to my wife, I am the relic of the late D. S. Let me give you, stranger, in a few words, a sketch of my troubles:

"My lungs are badly cut up. One of them is clear gone—collapsed, the doctor says—shrivelled up like a blacksmith's apron. The other one looks better, but doesn't amount to much. Have often bled a quart at once, and thought it not worth mentioning. I take a long breath now and then, and have an awful time, bloating like a toad.

"But that isn't the worst of it. My liver plagues me with an odd trick. It turns itself inside out, and wanders over my system. I suppose, stranger, that the greater part of my liver is inside of those boots," thrusting out his two cowhides from under the table.

"But I have another curious disease. Some of the doctors say it's paralysis, but one medicineman calls it intermittent lockjaw, and I reckon he's right. It just grabs me, and shuts me right up all over. Can't stir a muscle; teeth all locked together like a rat-trap; can't talk or wink my left eye. All my conversation is done with my right eye, and I tell you, stranger, it gets powerfully tired. The fit often lasts two or three weeks, and it takes away all my appetite, for I have to be fed with a squirt-gun just behind my eye tooth.

"You look as if you wanted to laugh, mister; but them as takes care of me in those spells don't laugh much, I tell you. They don't reckon that I make it any joke for them.

"But I wouldn't mind these things if it wasn't for the slipping of my spinal chord. It never gives me any warning, but the first I know it gives way, and pitches me right over, head first, into whatever lies in front. Now, one day last spring, just as I was getting over the lockjaw, I rode out on the prairie across by the Sloo, and I saw a big stone in the road, and got out to push it over. Then I went to the Sloo to wash my hands. As I bent forward, my shaky old spine let right go, and I drove head first into the mud, and there I stuck, head under and feet thrashing on the bank. I had to stay there till one of my men, passing by, took me by the heel and pulled me out."

"How long should you think you were under water, Mr. Spencer?" asked one of the Felderkin boys.

"Really, boy, I couldn't say exactly, as I couldn't readily get at my watch, but it was nigh on to half an hour, and I will confess, gentlemen, that I never was so hard put to it for breath in my life."

"But, Mr. Spencer, don't you take any medicine for your troubles?"

"Medicine! Oh, yes! Why, sir, I've taken in one dose a hunk of blue pill as big as a baby's fist, and I've swallowed a whole apothecary's shop, except the bottles and corks. And I tried hydropathy, went to a Chicago doctor, and got a prescription for boiling-hot water so it wouldn't scald me; filled a half hogshead and got in; was scrubbed and rubbed, and scraped with an old iron candlestick to open my pores. Then I got to bed, and presently I began to sweat. I sweat through the feather-bed, and through the straw-bed and through the sacking, down to the floor,—the water running in a stream to the door-sill, and out through a crack into the street. Said I to Hannah, (that is my wife,) 'Hannah, I can't stand this; I won't be drowned in my bed.' So I got up and dressed me, and put on my hat to go out. It was a cold day in January. As I opened the door I noticed the rain-drops falling fast on my clothes. Said I, 'Hannah, what a sudden shower!' 'Why, husband, it don't rain,' she said. Gentlemen, it was nothing but the perspiration streaming off my forehead!"

Mr. Spencer then proceeded to detail his experience with mesmerism and the galvanic belt, till at last I said that he seemed to have been treated for almost every known disease, and hence I might venture to inquire if he had ever been bitten by a mad dog?

"No, sir," he promptly replied, with an air of severity: "but I saw a man once who was bitten by a massasauger. Perhaps you've never seen one of them prairie rattlesnakes, stranger? Oh! you have. Well, you Yankees do learn some new things out here. As I was saying, we were binding after McCormick's reaper down on Section 19. The little bundles, you know, lie out a day or two before we pick them up and make the shocks. Over night the snakes curl up underneath to keep warm. It was about noon, and one of my men had just reached round a bundle to lift it and bind it, when he took a big massasauger right by the tail. The reptile wriggled round his flat head, and struck the poor man in the side, and he roared out with pain. I started off a boy for the doctor, and stayed to watch the fellow. He began to swell up right away, and in ten minutes he was bigger than a pork barrel. But he kept right on, rounding out, and rounding out, till, finally I turned my back on such a sight. All at once I heard an explosion, and he was gone. He'd blown open, and burst all abroad, sir!"

"What did you do, Mr. Spencer?"

"Me? I collected his fragments and gave him a decent burial!"

Fearing every moment that I myself should explode with my suppressed laughter, I thought to change the subject by asking him about the doctor's bills. To my relief Spencer again withdrew his attention from me, and launched out into another series of "great moral truths." After saying that he had paid two thousand dollars to various physicians, he spoke of the property he had sacrificed to meet these bills. In particular he dwelt mournfully upon the sale of a span of horses and a yoke of oxen. Here he brightened up, as he said, "Gentlemen, I'll tell you two or three *facts* about those beasts, to give you some idea of their value:—

"I started one day with my span of grays and a load of corn, to drive to Jackson, nine miles, to market. Brought back twelve bags of meal and a barrel of flour. Well, just as I got out of town and had eight miles of prairie 'twixt me and Hannah, I heard a rattling noise behind me, and when I looked around, there was a bouncing hailstorm right upon me. I yelled at the grays and flung my chaw tobacco at Billy, for he was the laziest, and he swung along at what you Yankees call a good Hiram Woodruff pace. I never quit yelling, and they never stopped running till we struck Felderkin's Corner, right where you blazed that big burr-oak this morning. Then I found the storm was over, and when I looked to see if the load was safe, there was two bushels and a half of hailstones in the hind end of my wagon, but not one of 'em on my sacks or on me! Gentlemen, I had raced on the edge of that hail-storm all those seven miles home. Now it's my opinion that you couldn't do that little trick to-day with any two horses in Illinois, not if you soak their tails in turpentine the night before, and touch a match to 'em, just as you say—Git out of this!"

Taking a furtive survey of his audience, and hooking his heel firmly on the round of his chair, he braced himself for a final tale.

"When I first came here in 1849, those oxen were steers. Stock was rather scarce then, and I worked the critters in early. Well, one day, old Tennessee Smith, down by the Lillycache, had cut a red elm, and it got lodged in the Sloo, and none of them dared venture out to cut it clear. So they hitched on all the oxen they had, and tried to drag it upon the bluff. But with six yoke they couldn't make it let go. Then somebody said send for Spencer's steers. When Smith's boy came, I told him you can have the steers, Charley, but no one ever drives 'em but me. So I yoked up and went down. When I got there I said, gentlemen, take away your oxen, and they did. Then I told 'em to cut a welt around the log, so that my chain would lie in smooth with the outside of the bark. Then I cut a slit from this welt to the end of the butt, so that the taught of my chain wouldn't catch in the hazel brush. Then I put the chain round and hooked on, and took up my whip, and just gave the critters a cheerful start with the lash. They sprung to it, and jerked the log about two feet, and there it stuck fast. Then I yelled and put on the string, and those two little fellows leaned into their work, and just shivered a minute, and then they went like a shot for two or three rods, with a long red stick behind 'em, and everybody shouted and just shut up their fly-traps, and said not a word. For, gentlemen, would you believe it, those two little bucks had drawed the heart right out of that log!

"Yes, sir!" repeated Spencer, as he wiped his forehead with a bandanna. "Yes, sir; and if that Yankee don't believe it, I can show him the very same log to-day at Jackson. The road commissioners took it for a town pump. It was all bored out for use."

How long Mr. David Spencer would have continued to dispense out these "great moral truths" I know not. But Felderkin, who had evidently heard these tales before, gave signs of uneasiness, and hinted that the "wimmen folks" wanted us out of the way.

At this the story-teller rose with an injured air, and saying that he would call in the morning to pay his share of my surveyor's bill, abruptly left the house. I have never seen him since, or heard of his whereabouts. He owes me fifteen dollars with interest since December, 1859.

☞ At Salt Lake City, a meeting of merchants and professional men was held in reference to the Anti-polygamy Bill. A committee was appointed to prepare a memorial to the Senate of the United States, asking the expurgation from the bill of the section which punishes the continuance of the "patriarchal family relations." Utah is greatly excited about the bill, and its passage by the Senate in its present shape, it is predicted, will cause the desolation of that territory.

☞ The spring style of bonnets is described as "something like a sun-flower on the peak of a haystack."

### The Party System.

The Lancet of last week calls attention to the injurious consequences of children's parties. Children, it says, are excited beforehand. They are dressed insufficiently; they dance themselves into great fatigue; they eat and drink at late hours what would try their digestion badly enough in its midday vigor; and, worst of all, they lose from two to six hours' sleep. This is all very true; but while every one must sympathize with the young sufferers who thus early find out all they have to endure when they are called upon to "enjoy themselves," it seems hard that not a finger is lifted, not a voice is raised on behalf of the elder members of the community, whose sufferings must at times be awful. To say nothing of the late hours they keep, the uncomfortable nature of the scanty clothing they wear—often far more limited than that in which a casual applies for a night's lodging at a workhouse—the misery of eating when they do not want to eat, and not eating when they do, there is the crushing expense which all this misery entails. There can be no doubt that we are as yet very barbarous in our enjoyments; real enjoyment should be natural, and not artificial; but what human creature could ever naturally enjoy the discomfort, for instance, of a drawing-room at the Palace. It is terrible to think how many ladies must have been killed by sitting for hours in their carriages in low gowns on bitterly cold afternoons; and the same fatal notions of pleasure pervade most of the arrangements of society. Insufficient clothing probably kills more in proportion of the upper classes than it does of the lower, and certainly fewer people in this country die of starvation than of indigestion and gout. Yet nobody pities the elderly victims of refinement.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

### The Retort Effective.

A good story about General Butler is told by the Boston correspondent of the New York Tribune, as follows:—It relates to a case in Lowell, in which the opposing party, a somewhat insignificant lawyer of that city, audaciously persisted in arguing his own case. Mr. Butler had the chance to "abuse plaintiff's attorney" and abuse the plaintiff at the same time, and most unsparingly did he improve his opportunity. After a long personal tirade, he concluded, in his explosive fashion of oratory:—"Gentlemen of the jury! Look at my opponent! There he sits, unblushing before you, with a face which God Almighty has marked with every line of meanness, of malignity, and habitual falsehood." When the poor fellow rose to reply, Butler was walking up and down the little platform at the side of the court-room, his hands clasped behind him, his head thrown back, with a presence and mien which those who have seen him can draw for themselves. The abused lawyer began very quietly: "Gentlemen of the jury, I shall not attempt to reply to the broadside of abuse to which you have listened. It is worthy of the source from which it has come. I will only ask you, gentlemen of the jury, at the outset, to look at my opponent. There he stands, with a face which *God*—has not marked!" Then he went on, quietly and calmly, with his argument, and, if poetical justice has any influence with her legal cousin, must have won his case.

☞ Who could have been guilty of the perpetration of the following:—

"Beauty has claims, for which she fights
At ease, with winning arms;
The women who want woman's rights,
Want, mostly, woman's charms."

☞ The girl's question—When will gold reach pa?

☞ A Quebec bank has three tons of twenty-five cents pieces in its vaults.

☞ Flour four dollars per barrel and beef ten cents per pound is the Minnesota quotation.

☞ Philadelphia averages eighteen marriages, forty deaths, and forty-seven births a day throughout the year.

☞ What is generally called fast living is really nothing but dying as quick as possible.

☞ No matter how low gold may get, it will never want friends.

☞ There is such a hideous amount of unfruitful striving, and totally gratuitous and ineffectual reformatory endeavor just now in the world, that the highest possible distinction perhaps which could belong to an association would be that it assumed no duties, had no views, didn't want to reform anything, and set before itself the perpetual obligation to mind its own business and have a "good time."

☞ The "Eau de Nil," (Nile water,) a new color, has been produced in Paris. It is a delicate mixture of gray and green shot with silver, which is said at every movement of the body to give to the robe "the aspect of flowing water."

☞ "Why Did He Marry Her?" is the title of a new love story. Probably because he was afraid if he didn't marry her she would sue him for breach of promise.

☞ LOVELY LOGIC.—*Keith*—"Shameful! is it not, Amy, the many rude things that are said about the chignon?"

*Amy*—"'Shameful' is not the word, dear. When we remember that the fashion is founded on Greek Mythology, it is absolutely *profane!*"

☞ A firm in York, England, several years since undertook to make a 25-inch telescope; something astronomy has never accomplished. It is now nearly completed. The tube, including the dew cap and eye end, is 32 feet, and its diameter at the object end 27 inches, and where largest 34. The weight of the whole instrument is nine tons. The object glass has a clear aperture of 25 inches nearly, and its focal length is 20 feet.

☞ Gen. Butler some time since nominated Charles Sumner Wilson, a negro youth, as a cadet at West Point. The cadet has been rejected in the War Department for wanting eight months of the age required by law, which is 17 years.

☞ A resident of Prospect, Conn., claims to have the oldest set of American manufactured buttons in the country. They are vest buttons, of silver, made in 1767, and he asserts that his grandfather "wore out twenty-seven different vests with them, and they are good for another hundred years at least."

☞ John Bright was lately dining with a citizen of Manchester who is an enthusiastic admirer of the United States. "I would like," said the host, "to come back fifty years after my death to see what a fine country America had become." "I believe you would be glad of any excuse to come back," said Mr. Bright, with a grim smile upon his face.

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TESTIMONY.

CURE OF GRAVEL OF FIVE YEARS STANDING—STONE PASSED AND TO BE SEEN.

SAVANNAH, Tenn., May 14, 1869.

*Dr. H. T. Helmbold:*

DEAR SIR:—We introduced your "Fluid Extract Buchu" in this country about eight months ago, and are happy to state that it is meeting with universal favor. We wish to inform you of one instance (among many) where your "Buchu" has worked wonders. A man in our county named J. B. Estes, had been suffering about five years with gravel. About six weeks ago he bought of us one bottle of your "Buchu" and before he was through with one bottle he passed a gravel that weighs eight grains, which we now have on exhibition in our drug store. He says that he will never be without the "Buchu" in his house again. Your Preparations are gaining favor every day. Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

ECCLES & HINKEL, Druggists.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 25, 1867.

*H. T. Helmbold, Druggist:*

DEAR SIR: I have been a sufferer for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks, was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you, and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected, after using the remedy for five months.

I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it, whenever occasion may require its use, in such affections.

M. McCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:
Hon. WM. BIGLER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. THOS. B. FLORENCE, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. KNOX, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. BLACK, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. PORTER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
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Hon. JOHN BIGLER, ex-Governor, California.
Hon. E. BANKS, Washington, D. C.
And many others, if necessary.

CURE OF BLADDER AND KIDNEY AFFECTION OF LONG STANDING—STONE PASSED AND TO BE SEEN.

WESTPORT CONN., Sept. 5, 1869.

*H. T. Helmbold, Esq.:*

DEAR SIR:—I commenced taking your "Extract of Buchu" about two weeks since for an affection of the Gravel, Bladder and Kidneys. I have suffered by spells, very much for a few days past. But yesterday relief came through the effect of your "Buchu." A stone passed from my bladder about the size of a large pea, and I now feel perfectly well and entirely free from the pain that I have suffered with "so long." I attribute my cure to your medicine entirely, and would recommend all persons similarly affected to try it. I have great faith in its curative powers.

Yours, truly, THOMAS J. BENNETT.

REFERS TO
Rev. WILLIAM COGSWELL, Westport, Conn.
J. L. G. CANNON, Druggist, Westport, Conn.
H. B. WHEELER, Esq., Westport, Conn.
BRADLEY HULL, Esq., Westport, Conn.
Dr. WAKEMAN, Reading, Conn.
R. W. ROBINSON, Wholesale Druggist, New York City. And many others, if necessary.

CURE OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER AFFECTION OF A PATIENT SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

THANKS TO MR. HELMBOLD.

GIRARD, Pa., March 31, 1869.

EDITOR COSMOPOLITE:—I desire as an unsolicited tribute to the merits of "Helmbold's Buchu," and for the benefit of those similarly affected as myself, to say, that after consulting many eminent physicians, and trying nearly all the best advertised remedies, in the vain hope of finding relief from aggravated kidney and bladder diseases, from which I have suffered excessively for many years, good fortune finally suggested to me Helmbold's Buchu, which I commenced using with little faith, and no apparent beneficial results for about a month. At the expiration of that time, however, I thought I commenced to experience slight relief, which encouraged me to persevere in its use, and now at the expiration of four months, although I am an infirm old man, nearly 78 years of age, and consequently medicines cannot be expected to favorably affect me as they otherwise would, I have found such unspeakable relief and permanent benefit from Mr. Helmbold's valuable discovery, that I feel that I ought to publicly record the fact, as an acknowledgment to him and a valuable suggestion to the public. Yours, respectfully,

D. M. LAREN.

Mr. Laren refers to the following gentlemen:
Col. DAN RICE, Girard, Pa.
CHAS. STOW, Esq., Girard, Pa., Editor Cosmopolite.
GEORGE H. CUTLER, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
C. L. HINDS, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
Capt. D. W. HUTCHINSON, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
DAVID OLIN, Girard, Pa., Merchant.
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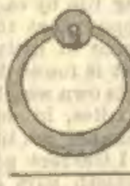

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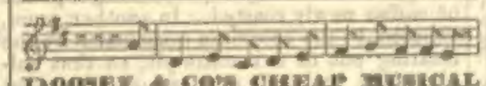

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

### The Railroad Whistle.

None but locomotive engineers are permitted perusal of this:—

When I was teaching in —— Seminary I boarded with an old lady who had an opinion on every subject and expressed it. One night a train ran off the track near by, and in consequence there was a deal of whistling. Next morning the old lady inquired if we had heard the disturbance.

"No; my wife thought something was the matter, but I heard nothing."

"Well," said she, "I dare presume there has been an accident, for the cars have been whistling 'most all night. They whistled and whistled, I dare presume, a half an hour at a time. I didn't think it possible for a man to hold his breath so long!"

"Why, mother," interrupted her daughter, "it's a steam-whistle."

"La!" said the old lady, "I always thought it was the engineer that whistled!—*Harper's Magazine.*

ANECDOTE.—"Boy, the corn which you are hoeing there appears to be quite small?"

"Yes, sir, we planted little corn."

"But it looks yellow."

"Yes, sir, Dad had to go all the way down to Uncle Nat's to get yaller corn to plant."

"I shouldn't think you would have more than half a crop."

"No, sir, we don't expect but half a crop—we plant on shares."

SCENE IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.—Night Editor—"Jinks, have you made a full report of the prize fight?"

Jinks—"Yes, sir; every round in full."

Editor—"Well, now write an editorial condemning the brutal sport. Make it strong, so as to tickle our pious readers."

Jinks—"Why, Bildad wrote that a week ago."

Editor—"All right—we must suit all tastes in a respectable daily."

ANECDOTE OF A WIDOWER.—A minister who had lost his wife and had become wearied of his second edition of the single state, was once instructing a congregation from the passage, "Use this world as not abusing it," &c. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to mention some things which a Christian could dispense with in this world. In the category he placed a wife. He had, however, scarcely said, "A man may do without a wife," when his own experience stoutly protested, and he finished this branch of the subject by saying, in the simplicity of his heart, "but, my brethren, it's mighty hard!"

### The Fashions.

Eyes continue to be worn on each side of the nose and immediately under the brow. Black, blue and gray are still worn in the home circle, and are found very becoming in the nursery, at the family tea-table and social evening gathering. Noses maintain their position on the centre of the face. The Grecian or aquiline are preferred; but the snubs have held their places on very pretty faces, in defiance of a most determined opposition, and at present are looking up. Lips are midway between the nose and point of the chin, and are a pale pink. The coral variety is no longer tolerated, except in girls not yet come out. Teeth will be somewhat larger and of a bluish tint, to correspond with the complexion, which must be dead white and Magenta red. Ears are worn, one on each side of the head, with the hair all carried up, so as to give them a peculiar appearance of alertness.

### An Umpire.

There is a feud in a certain family in Missouri. The daughters, Mary Jane and Emily, both fell in love with the same young man, and the fury of their woman nature was so much excited that they determined to fight a duel about it with table-knives, out in the alley. The young man, who seems to have behaved with noble impartiality in this matter, sat on the fence whittling a stick and saying kind and cheering words, first to Mary and then to Emily. Mary's back-hair was slashed into bristles, and Emily had four yards of "gathers" ripped right out. It was a drawn fight, as the young man couldn't decide which whipped. The aggravating part of it is, that the degraded outcast was engaged to another girl at that very time, and merely encouraged this conflict, as he said, "so as to make things lively and interesting."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A gentleman coming to an inn in Ohio, and seeing the hostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was.

"I'm a Yankee," said the fellow, "and have lived sixteen years here."

"I wonder," replied the gentleman, "that, in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be have not come to be master of the inn yourself."

"Aye," answered the hostler, "but the landlord is a Yankee, too."

GUARDIAN ANGELS.—A little girl who had been favored with glimpses of the upper sky, having been told by her mother that she was *always* surrounded by guardian angels, grew very thoughtful, and after drawing a long breath, looked up and said, "Mamma, do you mean *really* that *all the whole time* they are with me?" On being answered yes, she exclaimed, with an impatient fling, "Well, really, I *should* like to be alone a little while *sometimes*."

☞ A Washington correspondent of the Jamestown Journal tells this: "A gentleman went into the lobby and asked the door keeper to call Senator Fenton out. He did so. It was evident that the gentleman was one that the Senator did not wish to see, but with his accustomed politeness he took the gentleman by the hand, and in the blandest manner possible commenced shaking it, and bowing; and backing him to the outside of the door, bade him good morning, turned and left him. The gentleman looked somewhat astonished for a moment, but turned to the doorkeeper and remarked, "Wall, I'll be blamed if I was ever *put out* of a house so politely before."

☞ John Ruskin says; "It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy."

☞ Vaccination has been most thoroughly tested in Dublin with the most surprising results. There has been but one death from small pox in that city for two years.

FLATTERING.

*Street-vendor.*—"Now, then, here you are for a penny, 'Old Mother Hubbard!'" [She does look a little like the picture of old Mother Hubbard, but she does not like to be told so.]

### The Heart's Work.

Professor Haughton has recently calculated the total daily work performed by the human heart. He starts with the following postulates, which the physiologist will readily grant: 1. That three ounces of blood are driven from each ventricle at each stroke of the heart. 2. That the hydrostatical pressure on the left ventricle and aorta, against which the blood is forced out, amounts to a column of blood 9,923 feet in vertical height. 3. That the muscular force of the left ventricle, in contracting, bears to that of the right ventricle the ratio of 13 to 5. His calculations show that the daily work done by the left ventricle is 89,706 foot-tons, while that done by the right ventricle is 34,502 foot-tons, so that the total daily work of the heart is equivalent to a force lifting more than 124 tons through one foot of vertical height. The following illustrations will enable our readers to appreciate this enormous force more fully: 1. Three old women, sitting beside the fire, alternately spinning and sleeping, do more work by the constant beating of their hearts than can be done in a day by the strongest "navvy." 2. No labor is regarded as more severe than that of the muscles employed during a boat race; and yet their labor is only three-fourths of that exercised day and night during life by each of our hearts. 3. Let us suppose that the heart expends its extreme force in lifting its own weight vertically. It is found by calculation that it could raise its own weight 19,754 feet, or nearly four miles, in one hour. An active mountain-climber can lift his own body at the rate of 1,000 feet per hour, which is only one-twentieth part of the energy of the heart. When a prize was offered some years ago for the locomotive Alp engine that could lift its own weight through the greatest height in one hour, it was gained by the "Bavaria," which lifted itself (Professor Haughton says "herself," but why a locomotive should be a female we don't know) through 2,700 feet in an hour. This result, remarkable as it is, reaches only one-eighth part of the energy of the human heart. Hence, from whatever point of view we regard the human heart, it is entitled to be considered as the most wonderful mechanism with which we are acquainted.

### A Disinfectant Worth Knowing.

We (Illustrated Midland News) dare say very few persons are aware that coffee is a valuable disinfectant. Experiments, however, have proved that it is the most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced state of decomposition has been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room, exposed to the effluvium occasioned by the clearing out of a manure-pit, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed in half a minute, on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, while the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee roaster, although the cleansing of the pit continued for several hours after. The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate, until it assume a dark brown tint, when it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cesspools, or lay it on a plate in the room which you wish to have purified. Coffee-acid or coffee-oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

### Varieties of Diet.

The Shetland Islanders will not eat crabs or lobsters; the Italians eat cockchafers; gypsies eat hedgehogs, and French whalers, whales; Australian natives eat frogs, snakes, moths, and grubs, but they will not touch oysters; South Sea Islanders will not drink goat's or cow's milk, but they will eat dogs and rats; the Chinese eat dogs, rats, earthworms, small live crabs, and sea-slugs; South American Creoles and Indians would not at one time eat turtle; the ancient Romans ate asses' flesh and snails; Tartars eat horseflesh; Jews and Mohammedans will not eat pork, nor Hindoos beef; the Viennese eat live wood ants; the West Indians eat iguana, and the Africans and South Americans eat monkeys and alligators; snails are eaten in Southern Europe; the New Zealanders steep maize in water until it is putrid, and make it into porridge, and then eat it.

### Potato Pantomimes.

"Potato Pantomimes" may be old as the hills, but I confess not to have heard of or seen them until quite lately. So perhaps you have not. Take a good-sized potato with a smooth skin; cut out nose, eyes and mouth; twist curled horse hair into the shape of a wig and whiskers or moustache, and fasten on with pins; then make a hole for the forefinger to go into; this gives the head a throat. Wrap a bit of cloth, a handkerchief or what-not round the hand, arranging one corner of it around the thumb, and another around the second finger. Then you have a little man with hands and arms, capable of bowing and moving his head. Make a screen, let four or five youngsters be behind it, each with their potato characters, and as they say the words of the charade, burlesque or tragedy, let these potato men perform. It is capital fun, and beats Punch and Judy out of the field. Punch and Judy is a brutal performance at best. Potato Men have amiable dispositions. They are generally friends, fond of shaking hands, embracing and nodding their heads cordially at each other. They also have a thoughtful way of rubbing their foreheads that is very funny. Sometimes they fight, I admit, but they don't bang each other all the time as Punch and Judy. Try them.

### Nations Without Fire.

According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when a celebrated astronomer showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledged that their ancestors were once without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanion, Mola, Plutarch, and other ancient writers, speak of nations who, at the time when they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marion Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the desert in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our day, tribes in this state.

### Fame.

If all who are smitten with the love of fame could become personally acquainted with a few really famous people, their eyes would be speedily opened. They would find that the laurel crowned goddess who seemed so charming and so enchanting to them was utterly ignored and unthought of by those who had secured her smiles. They would find that scarcely any fact appeared of less value to such people than the fact that they were famous. They would find them working hard and painfully for the development of some great idea or the accomplishment of some great task *for its own sake*, and without the slightest reference to the admiration their labors might happen to excite in the minds of men. There *are* men who live for fame, and who are merely famous without the greatness on which true fame can alone be based; but a single glimpse at the inner life of such men would be sufficient to reveal the utter hollowness of such a life and its entire lack of capacity to satisfy the mind.

Agassiz is a truly great man, but what does he care for the gaping crowd that wonders at his learning. His absorption in his work is so complete that, in addition to the love of fame, another of the ruling passions of the human mind has lost its influence over him. When urged to devote a portion of his time to lecturing, on account of his great popularity and the amount of money he would be sure to derive from the plan, he replied "I have no time to make money."

What did Beethoven care for fame? Once on a certain occasion when he was in despair by reason of his increasing deafness, and he was almost tempted to commit suicide, he says: "Art—she alone—she held me back. Oh! it seems to me impossible to quit this world before I had accomplished all of which I felt myself capable, and therefore I preserved this unhappy life."

It is needless to multiply instances. Our position is abundantly verified by facts. Therefore we say to our young friends: Do not be misled by the glitter of popular applause. The approval of thoughtful and judicious friends is worth more than the senseless shouts of the whole world. Besides, there is only one way in which true fame can be achieved, and that is by doing one's work well.—*New York Musical Gazette.*

## AGRICULTURAL.

### How Good Farmers Save Money.

They take good papers and read them.

They keep account of farm operations.

They do not leave their implements scattered over the farm, exposed to snow, rain and heat.

They repair their tools and buildings at a proper time; and do not suffer a subsequent three-fold expenditure of time and money.

They use their money judiciously, and they do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is cheap.

They see that their fences are well repaired, and their cattle are not grazing in the meadows, or grain fields, or orchards.

They do not refuse to make correct experiments in a small way of many new things.

They plant their fruit trees well, care for them, and of course get good crops.

They practice economy by giving their stock good shelter during the winter; also good food, taking all that is unsound, half rotten or mouldy out.

They do not keep tribes of cats, or snarling dogs around their premises who eat more in a month than they are worth in a whole lifetime.

Lastly, they read the advertisements, know what is going on, and frequently save money by it.

Successful farming is made by attention to little things. The farmer who does his best, earns his money with best appreciation, and uses it with best results. Such men are the salt of the earth.—*Carolina Farmer.*

### Breaking Steers.

If I have a pair of wild steers, (which is not the case when I raise them) I put them into the stable and commence introducing myself to them as their particular friend, feeding them good bits, such as sweet apples, small ears of corn, or sliced potatoes. When in the yard, I secure their friendship by doing the same from my frock. They will soon follow me about. I then attempt to yoke them, and it does not take three or four boys and a dog to help do it. I never leave them to ramble about the fields (as is the custom of some) to turn their yoke and haul each other about. I next give each a name, and when speaking, I apply it. This is more important than many persons imagine. Suppose a man has two sons, and he calls them both *John*. It will be difficult when the boys are together, and a command is given them, to ascertain to which of them it belongs. It is so with steers.

I take them into the road and learn them to travel, that is, walk evenly and quick—stopping often, and suiting my action to the word by stopping myself. I then give something from the *old frock*, I practice in this way a while, and instead of their running from me, they rather *relish* my visits. Sometimes I attach a rope to the bow (never to the horn or nose) as a kind of safeguard in case of fright, and to illustrate the command to stop.

When they will stop uniformly at the word, I put them on a light sled—give them a good path, sometimes let them take the lead of me; stop quite often, and give something to encourage the stopping. When I have nothing else to give, I talk to them of the prospect before them of sometime becoming oxen; of drawing premiums at fairs, and lastly of seeing Brighton market; all of which they seem to understand when explained by a pat or two of the hand.

I soon begin to draw something, loading *light*. One trouble with teamsters of young cattle is, they too soon think they have become oxen, and load too heavy.

Never feed in the yoke; the practice creates a dislike to wear it. Never whip for running away. If you do, you will probably have to run twice as far next time. Never let your cattle draw unless in good position.

Feed well, and be careful of your whips. I will mention an incident in my driving experience, to let the reader know how much whipping and beating my team got from me. When I commenced driving my two-year-old steers, I cut a beech sprout about half an inch in diameter at the butt end, tapering to one-fourth inch, and tied on a small lash. Two years and a half after, when I sold them, I had that same stick in my hand, safe and sound. It was all the stick I used while I owned them. It lasted about six months after that time, when it was accidently trodden on and broken in two, making in all about three year's service.

It pays to have oxen "handy," so that one can drive at any kind of work. I think Dr. Franklin has written:

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself should either hold or drive."

But my steers when they are large enough to draw the plough need no other driver than the one who holds. Therefore I think I can alter that couplet a bit—thus:

"He that by the plough would thrive,
To save expense, should hold *and* drive."

—*J. M. D., in Vermont State Journal.*

### Horse Gears.

There is a great deal in gearing a horse or mule so as to enable the animal to work easy, and use a certain amount of power with comparatively small animal force. Much depends on long or short leverage. The draft may be too high or too low; the one will draw too heavy on the top of the neck, the other will choke the animal. The collar may be too large or too small—either of which will cause sore shoulders. A tender mouthed horse should have a large smooth bit, and not to be reined up too tight, or the mouth will become so sore as to lose its sensitiveness to a gentle draw of the rein. Every part of the harness should be as complete a fit as a dandy's coat, touching everywhere and pinching nowhere.

The harness should be kept clean and soft. There are several preparations made and sold for this purpose, but the misfortune is, they are too little used. The money paid for, and the labor spent in using, is not spent in vain. When the harness gets wet, as it sometimes will, by being caught out in the rain, straighten it out to dry before it is hung up or it will curl out of shape. It should be put through a course of greasing and handling before using again. Examine the face of the collar every time it is used before putting on—see that it is clean and smooth.—*Stock Journal.*

☞ Congressman Prosser, of Tennessee, offers his West Point cadetship for competition among the colored public scholars of Nashville.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 51 letters.
My 41, 27, 30, 9, 20, is a town in Africa.
My 31, 11, 50, 12, 18, was a daughter of Jupiter.
My 10, 3, 46, 23, 45, 25, 13, 7, 12, was a Roman Emperor.
My 6, 15, 28, 11, 36, 26, is the motto of one of the United States.
My 1, 37, 34, 44, 18, 32, 36, 4, 50, 15, is the name of a celebrated poet.
My 23, 24, 6, 13, 34, 8, was one of the earliest of the poets.
My 49, 26, 22, 5, 20, was a Jewish lawgiver.
My 2, 35, 33, 36, 12, is a lake in North America.
My 47, 17, 9, 14, 43, is a river in Arkansas.
My 21, 39, 29, 33, 19, 46, 29, 7, 25, 48, is the name of a flower.
My 49, 22, 33, 11, 50, 5, 31, 36, 39, 40, 34, 4, 16, 42, is the name of a popular authoress.
My whole is a quotation from Shakspeare.

LAURA.

### Metagram.

Only five feet to make my name, you see;
But change my first, and fault you'll find with me.
Alter my second, I a form appear;
My third, and lo! a water passage clear.
Insert another for my fourth, and fair,
Behold me circling through the frosty air.
Expunge my last and leave the four, I am
A freak, deception, and also a whim.
My whole is something beautiful and bright,
But when in madness shocks us with affright.

*Baltimore, Md.* EMILY.

### Probability Problem.

Through the extremities of a diameter of a given circle, two lines are drawn in a random direction. What is the chance of their intersection within the circle?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*McKean, Erie Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Mathematical Problem.

A conical vessel, whose hollow is 15 inches altitudinal height and 10 inches diameter at the top, is standing on its point, and filled with water; after which a heavy sphere, 12 inches in diameter, is let down into the water of said vessel. It is required to know how many cubical inches of water will be depressed out of said vessel by said sphere.

DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why are ladies so fond of ribbon? Ans.—Because Mother Eve was made of ribbone.

☞ Why is a jockey like a barber? Ans.—Because they both depend upon racers (razors.)

☞ Why isn't a fishmonger a nice acquaintance? Ans.—Because he's sure to be a sell-fish man.

☞ What letter has never been used but twice in America? It is *a*; it is only used twice in America.

☞ Why is a ballet lady like a puzzle? Ans.—Because she's a poser.

☞ What article of jewelry puts you in mind of an irritable inhabitant of an island in the Mediterranean? A Maltese cross.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

ENIGMA.—Link. (Ink, Kin, Kiln.)

Answer to Felix's PROBLEM of Feb. 5th.—24 men, 20 women, 15 boys—Felix, H. R. Sphinx, E. P. Norton, J. Lowe, F. Smith.

Answers to Felix's PROBLEM of March 12th.—$23 per barrel—Felix, J. H. Hassler, E. P. Norton, L. L. Smith, John C. Wilson, J. Parsel, A. Rittenhouse, Charlie Whitted, Geasnee, W. C., D. Stevenson.

## RECEIPTS.

TO CHOOSE LAMB.—Lamb should be eaten very fresh. In the fore-quarter, the vein in the neck being any other color than blue, betrays it to be stale. In the hind-quarter, try the kindey with your nose; the faintness of its smell will prove it to be stale.

SCOLLOPED CHICKEN.—Mince chicken with lean ham and a little pepper mixed, in scollop shells or a flat dish, add two large spoonsful of cream, cover with crumbs, and set before the fire to brown, with a little butter on the top.

SCOTCH WOODCOCK.—Make some buttered toast, put it on a flat dish, boil two eggs for twenty minutes, put a spoonful of essence of anchovy on the toast, cut the eggs (white and yolks,) and lay them over the anchovy. Serve hot.

HUITRES AUX GRATIN.—Take large oysters, cut off the beards, dry them in a cloth; beat the yolks of three eggs with a little cream, stir in some grated bread, dip the oysters in the mixture, and fry them light brulse in plenty of lard or suet boiling. Do not turn them. Serve hot.

SAVORY BISCUIT.—Lay a thick, large biscuit in a soup-plate, put on it a teaspoonful of Harvey's sauce, a saltspoonful of Worcester sauce, a dessertspoonful of mushroom catsup, and some beef gravy, or stock; let it stand for some time for these to soak into it, add a small pinch of cayenne, keep it sufficiently moist with gravy; put it in the oven or before the fire to become thoroughly hot; and before serving, spread a spoonful of essence of anchovy over it. Serve hot, with the second course.

BREAKFAST DISH.—One pound of rich gravy beef cut up into small pieces, put them into a basin with a small lump of fresh butter; cover over with a plate, and place in an oven for about an hour; take out and burise in a mortar, add salt and pepper to taste, and press all into a potting pot: pour over melted butter.

TO ROAST LAMB.—The fore and hind-quarters are suitable roasting pieces. Sprinkle on salt and pepper, and if not quite fat rub on butter, and put a little in the dripping-pan, together with some water, and baste the lamb frequently while baking. These pieces are good stuffed like a fillet of veal.

HAM CROQUETTES.—Mince ½ pound of lean ham with 1 pound of flowery mashed potatoes, a little butter and salt, and two eggs beaten; make them up into little rolls, or any shape preferred, and fry them. Serve with gravy.